

UNIVERSITY CLUB

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



LLOYD-GEORGE COUNTS THE COST

# Let's Look the Truth in the Face



Stewart Speedometer  
Magnetic Type

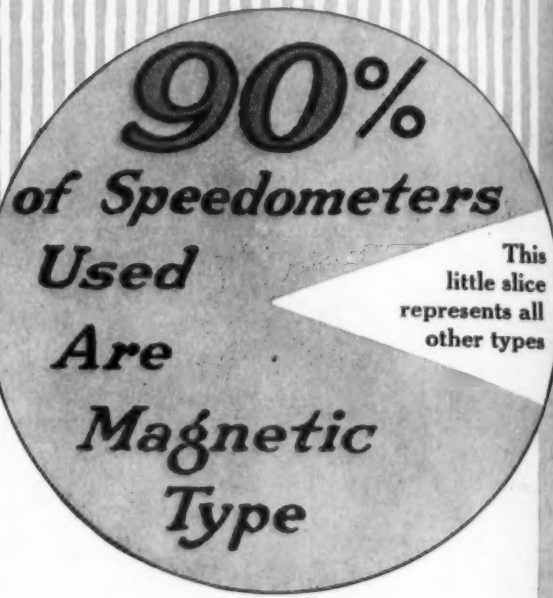
The choice of 90% of all Car  
Manufacturers

90% of all Car Manufac-  
turers use the Mag-  
netic Type Speed-  
ometer —Why?

Over 1,300,000 in use  
—Why?

Soon after the Magnetic  
Type came on the market  
it outsold all other types  
—Why?

It costs more than other  
types, but Car Makers  
willingly pay the differ-  
ence —Why?



The shaded part of the circle above  
shows the large proportion of Car  
Manufacturers using Magnetic Type  
Speedometer. The narrow white  
slice represents the small number of  
manufacturers using all other types.

## Read this list of Car Manufacturers who use our Magnetic Type Speedometer

as Special or Standard Equipment

Ahrens-Fox	Chalmers	Excelsior	Jenkins	Mercury	Pilot	S. G. V.
Alter	Chandler	Fargo	Kelley Truck	Merz	Pneumobile Six	Singer
American Electric	Coe Flyer	Federal	King	Metco	Premier	Stafford
American-La France	Cole	Four Wheel Drive	Kissel	Meteor	P. P. Equipment	Stutz
Amplex	Coleman	Franklin	Kline	Metz	Co.	Scripps Booth
Anderson	Commercial Truck	Fritchie	Kopp Truck	Milburn Electric	Partin	Signal
Arbenz	Continental	General Motors	Krickwell	Mitchell-Lewis	Paterson	Standard Truck
Atterbury	Crawford	Truck	Krit	Modern	Peerless	Standard
Auburn	Crescent	Glide	Landshaft	Mogul	Princess	Stegemen
Aurora	Crow	Gramm Truck	Lange	Moline	Pullman	Sternberg
Austin	Crown	Grant	Langtry	Monarch	Rauch-Lang	Stewart
Auto Car	Cunningham	Great Eagle	LeMoon Truck	Moon	R. C. H.	St. Louis Truck
Available	Cyclecar	Grinnell Electric	Lexington	Mortin Truck	Reading	Studebaker
Bailey	Danielson Truck	Hahn	Lippard-Stewart	Moyer	Regal	Sullivan
Barley	Dart	Hall	Little Giant	National	Reichardt	Tate
Barker	Davis	Harvey	Locomobile	Norwalk	Reliance	Thomas
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Beardsley	DeKalb	Haynes	Cyclecar	Oakland	Republic	Universal
Briscoe	DeLuxe	Henderson	L. P. C.	Ohio Electric	Richmond	Velie
Brown Cyclecar	Denby	Hendrickson	Luverne	Old Reliable	Robinson	Viall
Brockway	Detroit Electric	Hercules	Lozier	Oldsmobile	Robinson	Vulcan
Buckeye	Detroit	Hexter Truck	Maccar	Overland	Ross & Young	Waverly Electric
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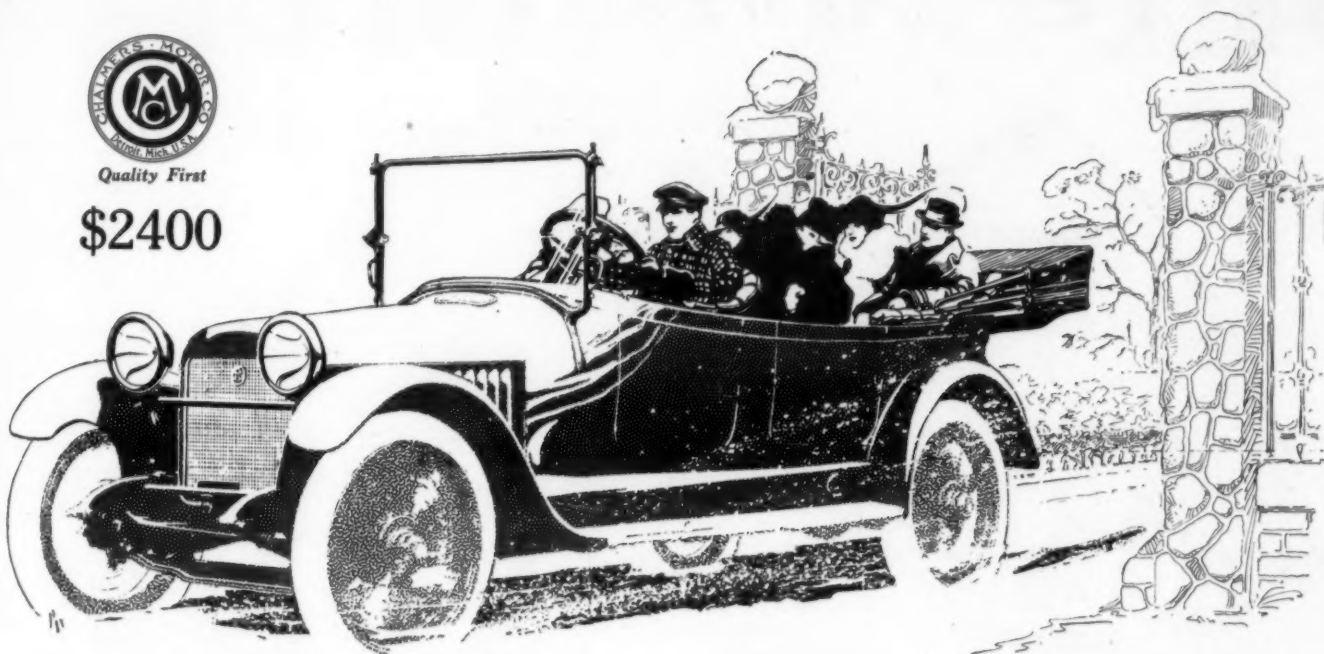
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Quality First

\$2400



## The Chalmers "Master Six" this Year's Luxury Car

The verdict is in. The owners—always the final authorities—proclaim this Chalmers Six-54 the greatest of them all.

Though lower in price than many its finished perfection has won it this high place in their esteem.

At its price—\$2400—the Six-54 is more "car" than any maker has ever offered before.

### The Luxury of Limitless Power

—is yours in this the "Master Six of Them All." Just touch the lever and the great motor is whirling you swiftly and smoothly over the road. You can throttle down to almost imperceptible motion "on high"—or speed at 70 miles per hour.

You can climb the steepest hills with ease. The heaviest roads cannot slacken its speed.

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—has been attained in a rare degree in this master motor.

So continuous, so unobtrusive is the flow of power that you are scarcely

aware of the motive force that propels you.

Proper balance and adjustment of parts, correct design and the highest quality construction have made this car able to withstand the hardest usage and the roughest roads without developing a flaw in its operation.

### The Luxury of Looks

—has placed this "Master Six" on a plane with the most costly foreign cars.

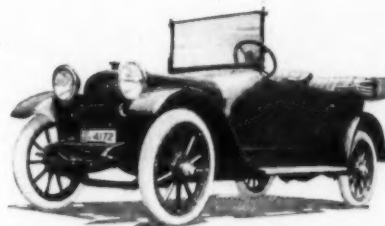
The body is a beautiful example of the finest automobile workmanship. Its lines are "racy" and smart. From the graceful radiator and sloping bonnet throughout the handsome, bell-back, "boat" type body this "Master Six" is a true "Quality First" car.

The 5-passenger model has a Torpedo body with but a single door on either side—in the center. The front seats are divided by an aisle and are pitched to the most natural and comfortable slope.

On this same chassis is also built a 7-passenger Touring Car with the same lines as the Torpedo. It is designed expressly for you who will have only the maximum in power, size, comfort and luxury. The price is the same—\$2400.

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**Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit**



Chalmers Light Six-48—5-Passenger  
Touring Car—\$1650

This Chalmers Light Six-48 has become, probably, the most famous light six on the market. Not primarily because of its beauty. Although it is a notably handsome car. Nor for its mechanical perfection alone. Though it is doubtful if any price rival can claim equality here. But because of the thoroughly remarkable economy which it shows in operation. And this economy is achieved mainly through its elimination of repair expense.

Be certain to see this wonderful car at your local Chalmers dealer's.



Chalmers New Six-40—5-Passenger  
Touring Car—\$1400

This is the newest Chalmers created solely to meet the demand of men who desired a car of Chalmers quality at \$1500 or less. In beauty, mechanical fitness and all around automobile value it is just as distinctive a car as the Six-54 and the Six-48.

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It is a pleasure to record that the number of enthusiastic Fisk users is constantly on the increase and that Fisk Dependability is everywhere meeting with tangible appreciation.



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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post  
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

# LLOYD-GEORGE COUNTS THE COST

BY HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

Better than anyone the Chancellor of the Exchequer knows Britain's resources. In this, the first interview given to an American paper, he leaves no doubt as to England's position and prospects

"THE Germans, in their official report of the East Coast raid, claim the towns are fortified," I suggested.

"Fortified?—of course," assented Mr. Lloyd-George, with but a gleam of humor in his quick eyes to relieve the pretended gravity of voice. "Hartlepool—not a doubt of it. But hardly Whitby," he qualified. "No, Whitby has only its famous abbey set high on the cliff—a fine target. And they hit it! Scarborough, however, has its shattered—now more shattered—Norman keep, which dates back to the twelfth century, and was last bombarded—that is, before the German ships swooped down—by Cromwell. Lord Kitchener told me at the Cabinet that there is an ancient grenadier in the castle, a guide or watchman. So it is really garrisoned, you see.

"Which makes me fear for our castle—Carnarvon," he continued—"Caer-yn-ar-fon—'fort opposite Mona or Anglesey'—the noblest ruin in Wales and one of the most magnificent in the Empire. For I am the constable of Carnarvon Castle—I am the garrison."

"But their warships couldn't get by The Solent," was the comforting remark of his youngest, Megan, aged twelve.

"Perhaps they couldn't. But whatever happens, this is my garrison," said Mr. Lloyd-George, affectionately patting his small daughter. This was the first conversation I had with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was the day after the German cruisers bombarded Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool, without notice to women and children.

"As to the air raid," he said, when I saw him a few days later, after the Zeppelin raid on the East Coast, "it is far the most serious menace against civilization which Germany has yet launched. You have only to think for a moment what it means: here is an attack from the air upon absolutely defenseless towns. There is not even an old ruined castle, coming down from the Middle Ages, to give Germany a shadow of a pretext for her bombardment. Workmen's cottages were destroyed, and old men and women were killed. Can you imagine what it would mean if the Allies determined on reprisals? This war, horrible enough as it is, would become a hundred times more ghastly, and would end in a wholesale massacre of helpless men, women, and children in the cities of Germany, Britain, France, Russia, and Austria. The prospect is a shuddering one, but that is what it may mean."

Standing by the fire at No. 11 Downing Street, talking with Mrs. Lloyd-George, I had found myself suddenly face to face with the Chancellor. Quietly he had entered the room, one arm about his little chum, Megan Arvon George. I saw a short, stocky man, a man about the size of La Follette, I should say. There was nothing distinguished in his appearance, not at first impression. His healthy complexion, slightly gray hair, brushed back from his broad forehead, and stubby graying mustache, his clean-cut features and alert eyes might have belonged to a successful man of business—say, a well-to-do merchant of our Middle West. At first, also, he seemed jaunty rather than impressive in his manner. But this, one soon realized, was a self-assertiveness, a self-assurance due to native resilience and ne'er-failing determination, something inherited from the boy who, at eighteen, on the event of his



A short, stocky man; a man about the size of La Follette

first visit to London, wrote home: "Went to the Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. Grand buildings outside, but inside very crabbed, small and suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!"

And the same boy who, two years later, upon being poetically jested in the local paper because of his thirst for renown, recorded in his diary: "Perhaps (?) it will be gratified. I believe it depends on what forces of pluck and industry I can muster." The italics are the boy's own.

Lloyd-George has personality—he fairly reeks with it. Following my talk with the Chancellor, this attribute of all others constantly recurred to mind. In this quality he suggests Roosevelt and Bryan, but he is as different from both of them as they are far removed one from the other. The personality of Lloyd-George is not as interjective, if that conveys my meaning, as the personality of Colonel Roosevelt. One might not have so much exhilarating fun with the Welshman, but more give-and-take conversational exercise. Lloyd-George listens well. His personality, on the other comparison, is not insinuating like Bryan's. He does not strive to please, but runs his chances. Very likely the consciousness of painstaking industry, of arduous labor expended on constructive legislation, of his businesslike grasp of dry problems, gives him an authority, a sureness, that Bryan, through the want of these, cannot enjoy. Above all, though cottage-born, David Lloyd-George has not been afraid, lest his hold on "the masses" suffer, to adapt himself to new positions. Brought up, after the death of his father, a farmer, in the house of his uncle, a cobbler, as a youngster he scarcely ate fresh meat and looked upon

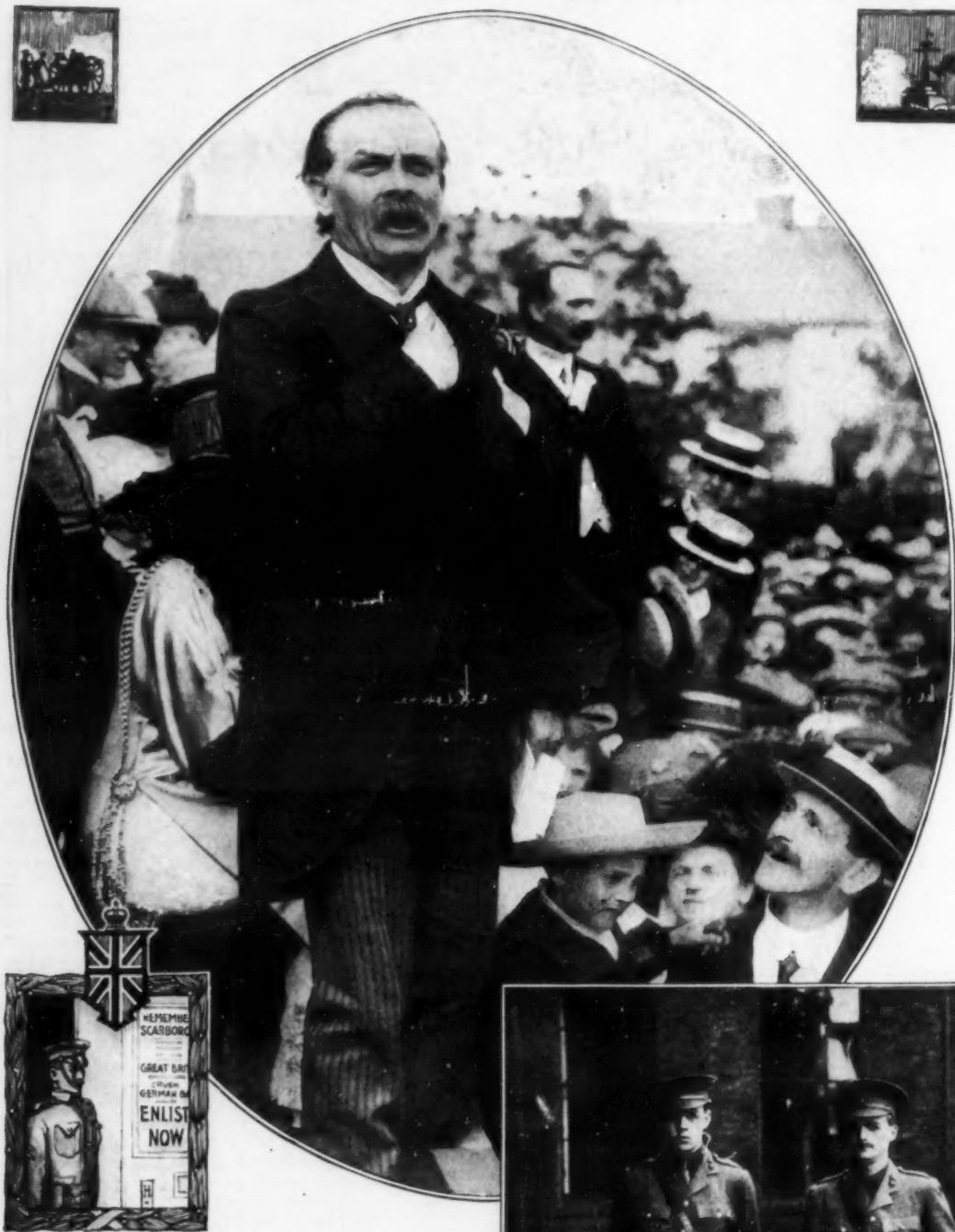
an egg, of a Sunday morning, as a real luxury. Yet to-day he wears with appropriate dignity, when function demands, the gorgeous robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whereas our Secretary of State is never at ease in a top hat. All the same, in the gift of personality, Roosevelt, Bryan, and Lloyd-George are in a class by themselves. And the three are Nonconformists.

Brilliant and persuasive in the House of Commons, Lloyd-George is even more fascinating as a speaker in his beloved Wales—the accomplished spellbinder, the successful evangelist, the molder of the stubborn fiber of other people's minds to the will of his own—this those who have heard him at home unanimously agree. With his own people he laughs, and then, in swift transit from laughter to tears, moves them to pathos and pity. At such occasions, writes a Manchester journalist, "he is among his own family; the laugh is the laugh of love, and their very eyes are full of affection as they watch him. And so he moves from Welsh to English, and English back to Welsh, just as the audience wishes."

Something of this witchery of speech he employs in private conversation. His charm, of which he is generously endowed, almost blunts one's reason and compels agreement. He sweeps away your pet notion, not by his ideas or his vigorous crisp sentences, but by the deliciously engaging way he says things. One would do well to leave one's pet notion in the coat room before conversing with this winning Chancellor.







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The Celtic genius, according to Matthew Arnold, has "sentiment for its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence." Lloyd-George is pure Celt. There is nothing English about him. Wherefore he offered a pronounced contrast in type to the two prominent men who were luncheon guests that day at the Chancellor's official home, which adjoins the residence of the Prime Minister. They were the Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney General.

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, better known as Sir Rufus Isaacs, reminded me in appearance of one of our New York bankers who patronize art and endow opera as a relaxation from high finance. In dress especially he looked the part. But the luster of his mind and his genial manners quickly caused one to forget a fastidiousness of attire not associated with the popular conception of Lord Chief Justice of England. The Attorney General, Sir John Simon, talks international law with sound common sense. Considerably younger, nevertheless he brings to mind Elihu Root.

I take it the two members of the Cabinet, Lloyd-George and Sir John, and the ex-member, Lord Reading (formerly Attorney General), are a deal together. I know they visited the "theatre of operations," but whether with Lord Kitchener's approval I am unable to say. Not satisfied with military dispatches, "eye-witness" accounts, and censored news, they made a tour in France, going well up to the lines in an automobile. Having been to the front myself, I was in a position to compare notes and impressions. The Chancellor, I was glad to learn—indeed, all three notable observers—had not come back pessimistic. Mr. Lloyd-George told an experience to illustrate why.

"We visited one of the battle fields in France," he said, "and saw a village being shelled by German guns. A prisoner of war was brought into the French lines. He was in a motor car, because of wounds, and under guard. A French general with whom we had gone to the front went up to the wounded Russian and told him that he need not



The Chancellor's sons, won to war by their father's eloquence: Richard Lloyd-George (the one with the mustache) and Gwilym Lloyd-George, in the uniform of the Sixth Battalion of Royal Welsh Fusiliers

worry—that he would be taken straight to the hospital and be looked after as if he were 'one of our own men.' The Prussian replied: 'We treat your wounded exactly the same way.'

"It was a curious rivalry," emphasized Mr. Lloyd-George, "under those circumstances; for you could hear the whiz of the German shells and the shuddering crack with which they exploded, dealing out death and destruction in the French trenches close by. We were in sight of a powerful French battery which was preparing to send its deadly messengers into the Prussian ranks. I marveled that this exhibition of good will among men who were sworn foes should be possible amid such surroundings. It would not have been possible nineteen hundred years ago."

This brought to mind a letter from the front, just printed in the papers. It went, as I repeated it, like this: "The other day we noticed a German moving

about among our dead, and he was searching in their pockets. We opened fire and killed him. Some of us then rushed forward to see what he had been stealing. It was only chocolate and tobacco. Money and other valuables had been left untouched. That made us sorry we had fired so hastily."

"One might have supposed," was my comment, "that an enemy dead was an enemy to the good. But evidently an enemy who wants food or a smoke is in a sense an enemy friend."

"The psychology of war," said the Chancellor, "is a difficult thing to evaluate."

"What impressed you most at the front?" I asked.

"The boredom of it," replied Mr. Lloyd-George. "It was wait, wait, wait, with nothing to do, nowhere to go. The men relieved hung about in desolate fashion, looking bored to extinction."

"Of course we saw only the French," he added. At this I smiled. To me, one of those who had met with nothing but rebuff from British military authorities (the Belgians were my friends), this was a lovely situation. So I chortled:

"And even you—right honorable gentlemen—were not permitted to visit the British lines!"

The laugh was quite general. And was it not funny? The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Attorney General of Great Britain—all forced upon the courtesy of France. And yet the excuse (to correspondents) of the British War Office has been: "We are willing—but, oh! those inhospitable French!" Spenlow and Jorkins again.

"You were not regarded as a jingo," I said, "therefore, why are you so whole-soul-fully for this war?"

"Belgium!" There was resentment, passion, and defiance in the very tone he said it. Mr. Lloyd-George was not thinking, for the moment, of the Belgians. "The invasion of Belgium made the vital difference, so far as I was concerned, between peace and war. And, I might add, the violation of Belgian neutrality turned our own people from a desire for peace to an insistence on war. The Saturday after war had actually been declared on the Continent, a poll of the electors of Great Britain would have shown 95 per cent against embroiling this country in hostilities. Powerful City financiers whom it was my duty to interview that Saturday on the financial situation ended the conference with an earnest hope that Britain would 'keep out of it.' A poll on the following Tuesday would have resulted in a vote of 99 per cent in favor of war; and the City interests which knew that our participation in a great European war would mean heavy loss, and might bring ruin on them, and were therefore, on Saturday, unanimously opposed to war, by Tuesday were quite as unanimously in favor of it. What had happened in the meantime? The colonies were there on Tuesday; so were the trade and the shipping and the commerce: all the selfish inducements were quite as potent on Tuesday as they were on Saturday. The revolution in public sentiment was attributable entirely to an attack made by Germany on a small and unprotected country which had done her no wrong; and what Britain was not prepared to do for interests political and commercial she readily risked to help the weak and the helpless. Our honor as a nation is involved in this war, because we are bound in an honorable obligation to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity of a small neighbor that has lived peaceably; but she could not have compelled us, being weak. The man who declines to discharge his debt because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard!"

He spoke, and spoke feelingly, as the champion of the small nationality. Always he has done so. Standing alone, Lloyd-George assailed the conduct and aims of the Boer War as waged by the Tory Government. Was England fighting to defend her possessions? was his question then, or for some matter of principle? or to protect the weak and oppressed? Judged by these standards, he did not believe the war to be either inevitable or just—and he said so with all the force of his oratory. Two other considerations weighed tremendously with him. One was nationality. (And the Boers were given autonomy by the succeeding Liberal Government.) The man who rejoiced at every demonstration of national spirit in Wales could not welcome the extinction of another small nation—and this has the greatest weight with him now. The other consideration, in the Boer War, was that strife exhausts the resources of a nation—even of a conqueror; and exhausts these resources at the expense of the poorest of her own subjects. He feared for the social-justice reforms which were the backbone of Liberalism. And so he told one audience:

"There was not a lyddite shell which burst on the African hills that did not carry away an old-age pension. (Continued on page 25)





# THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

## BY A CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL IRISH DRAGOONS

A REGIMENT of British cavalry moved discreetly out of the orchard of a Belgian farm, where they had billeted for the night, and formed up on the road. At first cockcrow the "saddle up" had sounded by word of mouth and in whispers.

In the inky darkness the weary troopers, with softly spoken oaths, tumbled out of the straw-strewn yard and fell in. Swords were strapped tight and the martial jingle of bit and spur was muffled by pieces of string so tied that all sound was dulled. The mist lay thick over the landscape as three squadrons moved off toward the forest.

"No smoking," growled an officer, as a young trooper lit a match. From mouth to mouth the order passed down the lines.

"We're in for something to-day," murmured a grizzled reservist corporal.

"It's Sunday, too. Always get it on Sundays," acquiesced another.

Half a dozen youngsters, part of a draft newly joined, listened apprehensively. One of them cleared his throat and huskily whispered an inquiry. The young subaltern, who had brought up the draft from the base, reined alongside of me.

"What's doing to-day?" he asked a little anxiously.

"We're relieving the Tenth on the other side of the wood. They scrapped all yesterday. Lost heavily."

"By Jove! Then we're in for it to-day!"

"Probably!" We relapsed into silence.

Suddenly a hidden battery close upon our right beside the road blazed off its fierce "good morning." The action had opened. The horses tossed their heads. A few old "hairies" (as the seasoned old troop horses are called) paid no attention to the din.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the subaltern, shocked out of self-control.

"Our own gun," remarked some one, and then laughed. Then the whole battery appeared to awaken. Bang! Bang! went the twelve-pounders, sharp and staccato.

On the other side of the wood a sharp exchange of rifle fire broke out, increased in volume, and died away. A cock crowed lustily. A minute later the regular fire of a machine gun broke the morning stillness. A peasant driving two cows came leisurely down the road and bade us, "Bon jour, messieurs."

THE AUTHOR of this article joined the British Army as a trooper in the Boer War and was promoted to lieutenant on the field. At the close of the war, when he resigned, he came to America and became a newspaper man. He returned to England, joined the Royal Irish Dragoons as a lieutenant, and took part in all the battles of Belgium. In one of these Belgian battles he was wounded and promoted to a captaincy on the field. He wrote this story for Collier's during his convalescence in London.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

"Bong jour, and mind Black Maria don't get you," said a trooper. "Give us a drop of milk," requested another. "A drop of milk would go all right now."

"Yes, but the milk's sour! That's right! The gunfire turns milk sour in their udders," insisted a third.

At that moment away in the distance a big gun was fired. A faint hiss, growing in intensity. . . .

"Here she comes! Good morning, Maria!" and with a rush a great eight-inch howitzer shell flew over our heads and buried itself with hideous clamor in the soft, plowed earth twenty yards beyond the road. A black cloud and a mass of earth, thrown up as though from a fountain jet, and then a gentle rain of fragments fell softly upon the advancing squadron, while somewhere to our rear the vicious shriek of the heavy shell base gave notice that we were safe for the present.

### In the Forest of Blood

THE young lieutenant by my side swallowed uncomfortably. He cleared his throat. "Black Maria, what?" he asked. "Beastly noise!" "Yes, she's a noisy strumpet, but harmless enough." I did not want to have a scared junior around me all day.

We entered the forest. It was very dark. Down the woodland path came straggling figures. In ones and twos wounded men were being led to the rear. Desultory rifle fire became more general. Machine guns, right and left, spoke angrily; the British with salvos of twenty to forty rounds, the enemy in short spurts of five to ten.

As we advanced we saw trees gashed by shell

fire, branches snapped off and finely powdered bark where the machine gun had wasted its fierce energy on the trunks. A dead horse on the right and beside it a still, human figure with blood pumping from a dozen ragged head and neck wounds greeted our gaze. The green undergrowth was dappled with blood. As we advanced further the forest became a shambles.

Then there was presented a wonderful picture. The sun, red and angry, appeared through the trees as down the woodland path came a young officer, his head bandaged but held erect, his left arm hanging loose, his uniform spattered with blood—while on his shoulder he carried his machine gun defiantly. He gave us a cheery "good morning."

"Badly hit, old man?"

"No! I'm all right," and he passed on to the rear.

At a crossroad a man of the Tenth with a cigarette between his lips was fumbling at an ill-tied bandage round his throat.

"It's a long way to Tipperary!" he shouted at us.

"What are you?"

"Tenth—machine gun. The last of 'em," he grunted. "Officer hit—crew killed! Bloody awful! But the captain's got the gun away. It's a long, long way to Tipperary!" he sang as we passed out of earshot.

Just beyond the crossroads a mounted orderly, frantically waving, came into view. The captain in front moved his arm up and down in signal to us. We broke into a trot.

"Colonel's compliments and B Squadron will line edge of wood," gasped the orderly, saluted, wheeled his horse—and the next minute was hurled, a broken corpse, into the mud of the woodland path. We looked down upon the poor fragment as we galloped past. A howitzer shell had exploded literally upon the saddle arch, disemboweling both rider and horse. The subaltern turned very white. A man behind me coughed in violent nausea.

"Lord, lumme! [love me—army slang]. He's got his," commented a callous private. "His number's up all right."

"Phut! ping—zip—!" through the woods came scattered spare shots. The next moment we were at the forest's edge.



"FIX BAYONETS AND CHARGE!" Without bugle or band, without a cheer, the Somersets advanced on the village. From the extreme right flank two machine guns spoke lustily, and under that cover the gallant lads raced for the crossroads. We could hear the cry raised by the enemy in the first trench as our infantry broke upon and over them.



"Halt! For action—dismount! One man to four horses."

"Troop leaders fall your men in." The orders came in quick succession amid the din of a renewed attack. As the horses were led to the rear the dismounted men, following their troop officers, doubled off the road and into the undergrowth. Scrambling and cursing, we hurried to where the wood gave upon an open field of turnips varied by stretches of plowed land. A ditch stretched to right and left along the fringe of the forest.

"Second and third troop will occupy the ditch. First troop this way," came the captain's voice from somewhere amid the trees.

We dropped into the damp gully, grateful for the scanty cover against an ever-increasing fusillade from the unseen foe on our right.

Crouching low, we inspected the scene before us. A farmhouse and sheds were on our immediate front, while right and left, 800 yards away, were other groups of farm buildings.

"Phut! Ping!" came two missiles. "Pretty near you, sir," remarked my cheery sergeant beside me. "Wish we had some tools."

"They're just coming," I said, and as I spoke the first troop came through the wood bearing intrenching tools borrowed from the Tenth. Now, the cavalryman despises a spade, and action on foot with his mounts five miles to the rear gives him a sense of uneasiness and a loss of dignity. But we were mighty glad of those tools.

"Dig yourselves in!" The order was superfluous. The younger soldiers grabbed the spades and went to work with a will. The older men with reluctant murmurs. The subaltern crept up to me again. "I say, what about us, do we dig?" he asked.

"Rather," said I, "as soon as the men have finished." He squatted beside me.

Behind us a man suddenly sneezed, and then swore. "O'Brien's hit, sir," said the sergeant. We led the man to the rear of the farmhouse. A spent bullet had struck him in the shin and passed clean through his leg. We took the missile from his puttee.

Two stretcher bearers appeared magically and in half a minute O'Brien was comfortably bound up.

Meanwhile other men from the firing line began to arrive. A medical officer came up to prepare a temporary dressing station. The farm, like most of them in this part of the country, had a field of to-

bacco. When the leaves are gathered they are hung on poles and sheltered by a sort of mattress of straw which forms an arch over the hanging tobacco leaves.

### "War Is Rot"

I DETAILED half a dozen men to fetch up some of these, and excellent beds they made for the wounded. A young infantry officer came striding into the wood behind the farmhouse, a bullet through the right hand and another through the forearm. The wounds were bleeding frightfully. With him on stretchers were two of his men. The doctor turned to the officer. "No, no!" he demurred, "I'm all right. Presently! Those chaps are badly hit," and he fumbled with a huge cigarette case. I assisted him.

"Thanks aw'fly—do you mind giving my men some? Roberts, have a cigarette." Then he sat down suddenly, limp and pale.

Along the road came other broken men. In half an hour I saw more blood than in two years of South African campaigning.

I returned to my ditch. The men were snug within their ingeniously contrived "dugout." It's wonderful how bullets and shells will convert a proud cavalryman into a rabbit. My subaltern, with sweat pouring down his face, was digging for dear life. He had made a hole to accommodate both of us. I felt guilty and offered to take the spade. I worked for ten minutes and hated it.

"That's deep enough"—but the enemy's guns, hitherto searching the woods, began to find us. The youngster looked uncomfortable. A shrapnel bursting high rained its missiles on the barn.

"Feel my hands," said the sub. They were cold, yet dripping with perspiration. He grabbed his spade in a lull in the firing, and worked like a beaver.

"What rot it is!" he gasped. "War is rot," he announced, a few moments later. "I'm scared to death!" But he worked on, ducking every once in a while when the swish of an approaching shell in crescendo warned us of danger.

How that scared youngster suffered, and yet, when an hour later in a tornado of shell fire he was ordered to take a squad of men to make loopholes in the barn, he went gayly, his eyes ablaze with enthusiasm and his head high with importance. That's just the way! Sitting in a ditch inactive under fire is the limit. Given action of any kind, the worst

funk is likely to show prodigies of valor. The fellow who professes no fear and contempt for a hot fire is probably an ass or a swanker. The man who admits he is alarmed, but does his job, has sand. He is the real soldierman.

About this time (it was noon), the commanding officer and his staff arrived to make headquarters at the farm. We heard that the village southwest of the wood had been captured by the enemy, a statement presently confirmed by the arrival of a struggling mass of our infantry.

I was ordered to find new fire positions in the barns and outhouses. An hour's work satisfied me we had made a good job of it.

Then hell broke loose. The enemy's "spotters" had observed our activity round the house. A machine gun opened on us, but was soon silenced by our twelve-pounders. This was followed by heavy gunfire.

Apparently the enemy had learned that our headquarters was stationed at the farmhouse, and they let loose a gust of case and shrapnel shell. The salvos came in groups of half a dozen shrapnel and four howitzer shells.

Imagine a gusty night of rain and hail where the items are lead and steel instead of harmless H<sub>2</sub>O. The storm waxes and wanes—a lull occurs, to be followed by increased gusts of vicious rain and hail.

An order came. I was to take half a troop to line the road and find cover for the men behind some large banks of timber. The instructions were to report any retirement of our infantry or the approach of the enemy.

I had hardly placed the men when a heavy shell dropped upon the hard road. It burst with terrible clamor. I hurried back. The corporal in charge lay limp and moaning softly. We carried him in. Half an hour later we buried him.

Then I visited my other posts. Sitting in a loft, the subaltern was munching a hard biscuit, a lump of cheese and a tin of jam beside him. He looked up cheerily. "This is better than that blamed ditch," he remarked; "more cover."

As though to show the folly of his remark, a shell came through the far end of the barn, carrying a mass of masonry with it and filling the place with acrid smoke.

"Saves us boring another gun hole," laughed a trooper, and, going over to the ragged aperture, began making himself

(Continued on page 28)



ROSIE got up a full hour earlier than her usual early rising. For some reason unknown to herself she slipped out of bed carefully so as not to waken the younger sisters who slept with her. She padded softly around in her bare feet, collecting her entire small stock of finery.

The one window of the room opening on the air shaft admitted no hint of the radiant beginning of the day outside. It was so dark that Rosie had virtually to feel her way. Unconsciously she was feeling her way to another light still more radiant than that denied the sunless room; the groping fingers of Rosie's starved little soul already felt its tips.

She found her mother in the outer room—there were but two rooms in Rosie's "house"—wearily iterating her one lullaby to the ailing baby in her arms. But Glenny was beyond the reach of lullabies; his weak little whimper was doing its best to drown this one.

"You up, mother!" Rosie's young voice had a new and joyous quality in it. "An' me stealin' out

you'd ever sleep! What's the racket—the kid again?"

It was a feeble enough little racket now; the kid's small store of breath appeared failing him. The droning lullaby had ceased.

Rosie slipped on her other shoe and got up promptly. The same curious and unconscious impulse that had prompted her to creep out of bed cautiously on this particular morning was at its lovely work within her now. It sent her across to the doleful pair.

"Gimme the kid, an' you go back to bed. Me an' Glenny'll get breakfast. I'll be an' autymobile—ch-ch-ch! Crank her up, kid!" She slung the little creature not ungently across her shoulder and slid over the bare floor, to the pale delight of Glenny.

"Oh, give him here—you can't lug him aroun', buildin' fires and fryin'!"

"Lug—I like that!" Rosie laughed derisively. "He don't weigh as much as a fly! I can't feel him." She was conscious of a sudden astonishment bordering on consternation. How could a little bundle of

in my stockin's not to rouse you!"

"Up? I ain't been down—not since two," snapped the mother. "Do I look like I'd been over-sleepin'?"

"Gracious, no, you don't!" The girl held one foolish little high-heeled slipper poised above her shapely foot, while her happy eyes sought the pair across the room. "You don't look like

flesh and bones be so light? And thin—the small features she found herself examining were those of a tiny old man, without grace or comeliness. They made Rosie shudder involuntarily.

SHE had scarcely known how the little kid looked, and certainly not how he felt. Babies had come and gone in Rosie's family with the scant ceremony of the poor. She had been herself too busy in her factory treadmill, and with Tough in her small leisure, to note so inconsiderable a thing as the last baby. But this particular morning she was noticing.

"What's the matter with him, anyway? I never see such a scrimpy little kid!"

"You give him back here! They ain't anythin' the matter with Glenny but his teeth. He's as good-lookin' as any the rest o' you ever was—you give him right back to me!"

"Not on your life! He's ridin' in a autymobile, ain't you, kiddy? Ch-ch-ch! Glenny's all right, mother—don't go gettin' peeved. All I meant was he's cut so awful scrimpy. I never seemed to notice that before!"

"No, you never did!" cried the poor mother. "You never noticed he was born! I guess you'd been scrimped if you'd been the last instid o' the first o' nine kids to be cut out o' one piece! I guess you no need makin' fun o'—"

"Oh, come on, mother," laughed Rosie. "You go to sleep an' let me an' Glenny be! We got to get breakfast." She began to move briskly about the barren little place with splendid poses of her fair young body. The springs of youth in Rosie had not yet been slackened and twisted. She carried the baby with perfect ease. Glenny's serious little face was contorting into strange new lines; he was trying to laugh. The strange and new noise that Glenny presently achieved in his skinny little throat was a crow!

"He's laughin'!" the mother exclaimed. "Hear

## THE GLORY

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"A good story of the under ten million," said Colonel Roosevelt in voting to give the author of "The Glory" one of our \$500 fiction prizes. More than that, it's a story of young love. That may not be a strictly new kind of story—but neither is love



Glenny, will yer! An' me never gettin' it out o' him without I tickle him!" She had not made the most of her chance to go back to bed, but sat slumped forward in her chair, indisposed to move. Her eyes followed the woman child and the lean little man scrap. In other eyes than Mary Ross's the look would have been full of yearning love, but visible tokens of affection came difficultly to Mary Ross. Suddenly she began to talk with the effect of attempting to quench the girl's too evident high spirits. Mary Ross herself had chronic low spirits.

"Oh, I see signs a-plenty, I ain't bat blind! You're all sizzlin' with anticipation of a whole day with Tough McGregor. That's what's the matter o' you. Tell me it ain't!"

"Tell you it is!" sang Rosie over her shoulder, her face with its soft contours outlined contrastingly beside the lean baby's. The room was odorous with frying bacon. "That's the matter 'ith me, all right! O'ny—'tisn't goin' to be a day—the day, mother! Me an' Tough's goin' house huntin'! You bet—you bet—you bet!" She sang it as a tune for the now drowsy baby, and he went to sleep to the soft jubilation of it. Rosie's cheeks were as tinted as her name.

"Aw, go away—I reckon you think you'll be doin' a big thing, the two o' yer! Choosin' a place to slave in—what kind o' a holiday stunt is that? Can't yer slave where yer are now? Tough ain't no money-slingin' toff."

She laughed in harsh enjoyment of her play on the words. "You got to keep right on slavin' just the same, ain't yer? Well, what you sizzlin' over? 'Tain't much as if you was goin' to be a lady and set in your kitchen all day."

"I can set in it evenin's—with Tough." Rosie was militantly undismayed. She went on getting the breakfast. Her mother had not succeeded in diminishing the glory that the little fingers of her soul were clutching. She held on tight to it.

"He'll get drunk."

"He'll not get drunk!"

"I see yer keepin' him home! He'll be off with the boys—ye'll set alone, I tell ye!" Grim experience was in the older woman's tone. But in Rosie's was still a pulsating, undaunted faith in the Glory. She began to sing, to drown the other's shrill warnings. The tiny head on her shoulder lopped over against her cheek; it was warm and sweet and human, like the thing she strove for.

"Why, the little tike's been an' went to sleep!" she cried. He looked better asleep; something in the relaxed and rested little face appealed to Rosie in a new way. She felt an entirely new sensation that she did not recognize as tenderness.

"Little tike," she repeated, stepping lightly, lowering the tiny body to the level of her breast. The primal instinct of her sex prompted her to kiss Glenny, but she was afraid. She did not want her mother to see her; she knew what it would set the sharp tongue saying. Well? Was there any shame in thinking of herself as—as the possible mother of Tough's little children? All mothers had been girls once, like she was now. Hadn't they felt like this and gloried in what was coming to them? Had they been ashamed of their thoughts? Yet a sort of divine shame surged over the white soul of the girl; it was like pleasant but tingling pain.

She crossed the little open space of the room and laid the sleeping baby in his clothes-basket bed, stooping to straighten and cover him. If her mother were not looking—Rosie glanced over her shoulder guiltily. Mother, too, had been and went to sleep. The girl bent hurriedly and kissed the tiny cheek. In the sweet abandon of the moment she could have crossed the room and kissed the other sleeper, though she must have closed her eyes to keep from seeing the uncombed hair and slatternly figure.

Rosie, so far as she remembered, had never kissed her mother; it was not to be now. The impulse was too soon over. Breakfast was the usual crowded and irregular meal. The other children poured forth, frowsy and half dressed, from their various cubby-holes, and snatched at their allotments of food and were gone. It was a holiday to them all, and the call of the street lured them forth. For a matter of months there had been no father to the noisy brood, but gaps close quickly in the Place of the Poor. There is a piteous lack of time to mourn.

"I'll tidy up; set where you are, mother." Rosie's time was precious, but the gentler mood still held

her. "Some o' the kids oughter stayed; you oughter made 'em. I guess it's your holiday much as anybody's. You an' Glenny got to go out an' set in the park—I'm goin' to make you! The baby's dyin' by inches here in this hot room! You got to, mother."

"Park!" Mary Ross laughed shrilly. "You go along to Tough. Me an' Glenny's got three washin's to do to-day. That's the holidayin' we'll get!"



All might have continued well if they had not at the next corner come on a little group of Tough McGregor's cronies. Human patience could not endure their hilarious jibes at the family group thus unexpectedly presented for their diversion

"But the kid—Glenny—I ain't even seen such a poor little scrid! What he'd ought to have is a whole day outdoors."

"Give it to him, then, why don't you? Take him along 'ith you'n Tough, house huntin'! Dare you to!" The mother's voice was strained and thin. Her worn face was harried with anxiety for the "little scrid," but there was a mocking light in her faded eyes. She had a vision of Rosie and Tough lugging the kid!

THE girl at the sink suspended a plate over the pan of hot water. She stood absolutely still in the tense grip of the most heroic thought of her brief and thoughtless career. The thing her mother dared her do was out of the question, but what if she did—did it—She thought of the soft warmth of the little head that had lopped over against her cheek. She thought of her kiss; the taste of it was still on her lips. He was such an awful little tike—

"Take your dare," Rosie uttered briefly. "You get him into all the glad rags there is. Mind you put 'em all on him; he needs 'em! Where's his carriage?"

"Out on the fire escape. It's full o' washin's—Rosie! You wait! You see here—Rosie!"

"Well, what say? Where'll I dump all these things?"

"Rosie, you dassen't do it—what'll Tough say? He'll be mad!"

"Tough don't get mad at me," she boasted—but in her soul Rosie quaked. She had never put her inflammable lover to such a test as Glenny. "You get him ready while I finish things here. I tell you I'm goin' to take him—ain't that enough?"

The mother threw caution to the winds in the sudden joy that possessed her. "Yer goin' holidayin', Glenny!" she cooed over the little stripped body on her knees. Her hands shook with eagerness as she pulled on the sorry little "glad clothes." "Ridin' in yer waggin' like a little toff! Yer got to set up straight as anythin'—mind yer don't dast to cry! Cry!" She laughed in scorn. "Rosie," she called, "if Tough's mad, yer tickle him."

Rosie swept about. "What'll I be ticklin' Tough for?" she demanded.

"Tough, nothin'! Tickle Glenny—he's awful cute when he laughs, Tough can't help thinkin' he is—you remember an' do it, Rosie. Yer'll pipe up nice, won't yer, Glenny, to cool the nice gentleman off?"

But the nice gentleman was not easy to cool off. Rosie's courage melted in a little pool at her feet at sight of his black face. "What yer givin' us!" he grumbled. "This ain't no baby show. Maybe you think I'm goin' to lug that kid all over town! Nix!"

"It's Glenny, Tough—he's all right. Honest, he's a nice young one. All he needs is bein' outdoor more; that's why I brought him. Tough, you'd ought to see him when he laughs." She tickled the tiny ribs in an anguish of hope. Glenny rose splendidly to the occasion, but still the nice gentleman scowled blackly. Things looked bad for Rosie; her woman's wile was all that was left her. She plunged in desperately.

"Tough, you ain't looked at me at all!" she smiled with difficult radiance. "I've got on all the things you like. I got the wing changed to the back of my hat; it won't tickle your ear now. Dare us to try and see!" She tilted a saucy head as though to nestle it on his shoulder. All of the winsomeness and dearness of her appealed to the man creature at her side. In spite of himself he laughed, and

Rosie's day was saved at least for the moment.

"Oh, come along. We can't stan' here all day!" He caught at the handle of the shabby little coach and strode ahead, Rosie radiant at his side. All might have continued well if they had not at the next corner come on a little group of Tough McGregor's cronies. Human patience could not endure their hilarious jibes at the family group thus unexpectedly presented for their diversion. Their comments were not of the choicest, but fortunately were short-lived, as far as the family group was concerned. With a snort of rage Tough swept baby carriage and blushing girl and his own six feet of wrath down a side street and out of reach. For many blocks they tramped in utter silence.

Oddly enough, it was to be Glenny's part this time to appease the nice gentleman. He achieved the apparently impossible deed by a simple flourish of his skinny little hand. It came directly into the field of Tough McGregor's vision, and he found himself almost looking through the transparent and waxen little thing.

A sort of horror seized him, even in the midst of his anger. He had never imagined so tiny a hand, and all the man's innate tenderness revolted at the undue tininess and the awful frailness of it. The moving little hand struck against his heart.

"Gee," he muttered. "They ain't anything of it!" What his friends had said baldly, back there, came to him in a new light; it was as if he registered a vow before some Presence in his soul. If he and Rosie ever had a little kid, it should have another sort of hand than that—a little, dimpled, suitable hand.

"Here, take hold, will yer?" Tough thrust the handle into Rosie's fingers. He darted into a store close at hand, from which he issued a moment later with a "sucker," flattened out succulently on its little stick. He crammed it into the awful little fist. "Take that an' pull on it a spell!" he said with rough tenderness. "I guess that'll fix yer," and again Rosie's dreads died down. The Glory was once more in sight.

All the morning the patient trio traveled from "house" to "house"—Rosie's houses being single rooms in various and wide-apart tenements. She was very particular, adopting a pretty fussiness that delighted Tough.

One "house" was too small, one too big—another had no window opening upon the blessed out of doors. "We got to look ou'doors, Tough," she said. "Not down no ol' shaft! You an' me's got to have privileges!" And he liked the soft tinkle of her laugh.

Tough liked all of Rosie by now—even Glenny! He followed her about with a humble devotion that sat oddly on his big six feet, but it was becoming to Tough. Rosie, looking up from her lesser height, thrilled in her woman's soul at sight of his face. The Glory was very near.

"I gotter kiss you in another minute, Rosie," whispered Tough.

At noon Rosie proposed taking the baby home and coming back unencumbered for the afternoon. "You been awful good to him, Tough. Needn't think I don't know! But I better take him home now."

"You let him be, Rosie—what harm's the kid doin'? We'll get him a bun an' some milk—gee, bet he looks spunkier a'ready! We got to fatten him up now."

At a lunch counter they got lunch for him and themselves, then took up their house hunting again. The zest of it had not departed. But the afternoon was to hold better luck for them than the morning. The very first "house" suited Rosie; she went into soft ecstasies over its tiny window, its cramped little closet, its smart wall paper and paint.

"This is it, Tough—we found it!" she cried, her eyes shining.

ITS bareness and shabbiness were as nothing to Rosie; she had never imagined so lovely a little house! That the few pieces of furniture were bravely varnished and the window was curtained with coarse muslin

(Continued on page 32)



# THE LAST DANCE



BY  
**CHARLES J. SULLIVAN**  
ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

HOW it ever came to the shore of that forgotten land Private Knuckles couldn't figure out. Surely it would be unreasonable to suppose that a frail paper poster had drifted all the way from a land of billboards and been beached in good condition on the white sands of Guantanamo Bay. Yet there it was, beaming out from the whiteness of its frame as though a careful hand had smoothed it there, adding a touch of crimson to the lips and giving a strange luster to the face that was painted on the damp paper.

Private Knuckles, on patrol, was interested. He brought up alongside of it, lowered his gun meditatively to the ground, and grunted. Grunting was about as far as Knuckles ever got in the art of expression, except when he swore or let a word slip out edgewise between his growls. Now he said many things under his breath. With his handkerchief he slowly cleared away the sand and strings of seaweed that veiled the face. Then the grunts that rumbled from his great body were of the kind that had long been strangers there. They were the trumpets of wonder and awe.

How long he crouched there staring down at the wondrous image he could not tell, and would have fought with his fists to deny. The face was not big nor beautiful. It was a kind, childish face, the sort a man will love all through his life regardless of what kind is across the breakfast table from him.

It was small, sweet, and pleasant, with eyes that ever seemed to be about to smile or to cry; and though there were no arms in the picture, she seemed to be holding them out to him pleadingly, as though for something she had lost.

"Well, I'll be eat up by a pollywog!" observed Private Knuckles. "How, in the name of the Leathernecks, did you come here?" As neither she nor the gulls or lizards offered to reply, the big marine stared closer at the poster. The longer his eyes rested on its strange beauty the surer was the great want centering in his heart.

He reminded himself that, after all, it was only a theatrical poster tossed from some passing ship, and that its original was only a line-speaking third-rater in a road troupe; but still he looked into the eyes and still the nameless thing was crowding into his empty heart.

Knuckles had a reputation to maintain. It would never do for him to be caught there mooning over the stranded picture of a girl—he, the "hard guy" of the Guantanamo garrison. Yet he could not leave it there.

He knew that there would come a time, tomorrow or a week from then, when he would want to feel again the thrill that was now tingling through his breast. So he carried it back off the beach. He carried it gently at arm's length, with a care that few things had ever received at his hands.

Where the bushes began to clothe the hill he stretched it over the top of a low tamarisk and smoothed the wet paper over the leaves. Feeling that the lower half of the sheet was double, he unfolded it, and then his unaccustomed eyes squinted at the big polychromatic print that glared before him:

MADMOISELLE ZAIDEE  
THE FAMOUS MODERN DANSEUSE  
THREE HUNDRED NIGHTS ON BROADWAY

There the poster was torn, and Private Knuckles wondered what it meant. "Danus? Danus?" he muttered. "What the devil may that mean?"

Whatever it was, the picture denied it.

"Danus don't have no eyes like that," argued Knuckles. He carefully clipped the name from the picture and pinned it on the bush. Now, Private Knuckles had not the least idea why he had left his beat and brought that poster back off the beach; he could not have given any reason why he had hurt his fingers breaking off cactus pins wherewith to make it fast against the wind. And now he couldn't for the life of him say why he was standing there before it like an Ilacano at confession.

The lonely world of Guantanamo was growing dark. There was a great golden pathway across the bay, and the gulls began to look unreal and shadowy as their circles of flight grew shorter and nearer inshore. It was time for Private Knuckles to be relieved from duty, yet he stood there solemnly. The scowl was gone from his face and the foul words that had seemed always to be a part of his breath could not be heard at all. He had often boasted that he had flirted with women of every shade between Capricorn and Cancer, yet he had never loved. He had heard the songs of every clime, yet he had never sung a song nor spoken a word that was intended to be kind. He had mocked at every creed and form of worship, yet he had never prayed or knelt to anyone or anything. He had grinned at the shining idols at Nankin; he had laughed outright when the Moslem natives had touched their foreheads to the ground; and, worst of all, he had kicked the Tagalogs as they knelt before the pictures scrawled by their own hands in the sands of Candaba Lake. He remembered that and was sorry. He felt the need of kneeling now himself. But he didn't kneel. Instead he bowed down his great shaggy head and touched his rough lips to the crimsoned lips of the picture. Then he backed away.

WHEN he returned to the camp that evening his messmates wondered at him. He hadn't broken into the shack as though he were going to tear it down. He hadn't cursed little Baim, nor kicked the pet monkey from its corner, nor yelled for chow to appear at once upon his entrance. His bunkies eyed him expectantly, but in silence. There were not many of them—eight men and a sergeant. They were like Private Knuckles, except that they had no evil reputation to maintain and they were thoroughly acquainted with themselves. Private Dwyer was first watch on Knuckles' patrol; the others worked on the rifle butts all day or took their turns at cooking and policing quarters. Private Knuckles was the biggest and roughest of the squad, and years in the tropics had not done much toward making Fauntleroy of any of them.

"How did the watch go, Knuckles?" asked Dwyer by way of discovering where Knuckles had left his repertoire of tempers.

Knuckles scowled from force of habit, then in a quiet voice he said:

"Went well, lad. In fact, was a gold mine—a," he stopped shortly, and all hands knew he would say no more on that subject.

"What you going to give us for Christmas dinner, Knuckles?" asked the sergeant. "It's your turn on the mess to-morrow. What you got in mind?"

"Christmas?" grunted Knuckles. "What the—how the—why, it ain't Christmas yet, is it?"

"It sure is," answered the old sergeant triumphantly, glad to have the best of Knuckles even in so little a thing. "Up in the States now there is snow and Christmas trees and turkey and cranberries and mince pies and all the side dishes that go with Christ-

mas in a white man's land. Why, I can just see the Salvation Army kettle on Herald Square, and the crowd around the turkey raffle out at the Monogram on Sands Street. I wish I was there just for to-night—umh."

"Why, this ain't Christmas Eve, is it, Serg.?" asked Dwyer. The sergeant brought out a book from somewhere inside his shirt and pointed out to them that the day just passing was indeed December the twenty-fourth.

"Why, I can remember when I used to know how many hours it was from dessert on Thanksgiving to turkey on Christmas," sighed little Baim. "And now—well, who would think it was Christmas?"

THEY looked at the paneless window and through the open door to where even yet they could see the heat waves wavering upward in the evening air.

"What will you give us, Knuckles?" asked the sergeant again.

"Aw, how the deuce can I give you something I haven't got? You know what's in the storeroom—beans, canned beef and fruit, a few bushel of spuds, a box of prunes, and a barrel of flour. I might hike up to Caminera or across to Buckoroon, but as for me, I'd rather eat dog sandwiches or stewed iguana than the junk they would hand us over there."

"Ain't any of us going to get a box from home?" asked little Baim, the youngest of the squad.

They all laughed.

"A box!" growled Knuckles with an oath. "I got a box for you. Pipe down about home and boxes."

After a supper of beans and fresh pineapples all hands filed out on to the grass in front of the shack. Though not one of them would have admitted it, their thoughts then were all of memories of the other days. Christmas was buzzing in their brains, and they were hungry, not so much for the sweets of Christmas dinners, but for the strange, unnamable spirit of the Christmas time that is in the hearts of even the roughest men. They wanted some one to say something about the Star of the East, or the Three Wise Men, or Santa Claus, or anything at all that had to do with Christmas. No one dared.

Gallagher and Baim sneaked into the shack and wrote letters home—the first in many months. The sergeant whittled moodily on a piece of ebony. The others sprawled in the grass as though they were looking for the first star.

Private Knuckles sat apart. He thought very little of Christmas. It had never meant very much to him anyway. He was staring out along the golden pathway across the sea, but the beauty of it was lost upon him. In every gleam, in every bit of golden spray, he saw a kindly woman's face, lips that always seemed about to smile, and eyes that made him want to wash his soul—even as she had been washed by the pure waters of the Caribbean. He was thinking thoughts that fitted strangely in his mind, not thoughts of love, but of reverence and awe.

In all his dreams of youth he had never visioned a face so pleasantly beautiful as that he had found that day on the sand of a shore where no white man ever came except to pass on over the hill to drink forgetfulness.

THE sergeant looked up from his whittling. "Will be a wet Christmas, I guess," he said. "There it comes over the ridge now."

Knuckles looked back at the black cloud that was soaring over the mountains in the east, then arose



and hurried off down the trail without a word. Coming to the bush whereon he had draped the picture he quickly bent down the surrounding bushes until he had formed a thatch over it. Then unrolling his poncho he spread it over the whole, thus forming for himself, unknowingly, a shrine which was to lose his reputation. For then Private Knuckles did a wondrous thing. The sun had gone down; the big drops of rain had begun to fall; the world was dark, and no one could see him. He wondered if any man had ever gone away by himself and talked to something that he could not see or feel. He thought surely the girl of the poster must do that or she couldn't be so clean and pure. So Private Knuckles did a thing he had never been taught to do. He crept under the poncho that now formed his shrine, and knelt there and talked out loud in a strange, quiet voice that no one would ever have recognized as his.

"God," he said, "now's your chance to be a sport. I don't know why I'm battin' 'em out to you; I don't know who you are, nor where you hang out. I don't know why I've brought this picture here, where only you and me can see it, and I don't know—but that's what I want to know. I never pulled off a stunt like this before, and I don't know just what to say, but I guess you savvy already what I mean. I want something, and I'm asking you to come across with it, whatever it is. I guess it ain't anything you'd be ashamed of, or I wouldn't want it—not now. Will you let me see it anyway? Well, it's raining now—"

And Private Knuckles got to his feet, made the edges of the poncho fast on all sides, and trotted over the hill to camp. The rain cloud had drifted on out to sea, uncovering the tangled web of the stars and leaving the night bright and cool.

WHEN the sun began to paint the east with the first pink of the dawn, the birds around the marine shack began their Christmas carols, the mists arose from all the hollows, and a great new world was born. Then, if there had been reveille that morning, and the marines had not been sleeping in, they would have seen a wonderful thing that glistened steaming up the bay. It rounded the headland gracefully, picked the port channel and glided up to the anchor buoy inshore as though it had been making that port ever since it had been a little boat. Now it was a yacht. A very white, much-polished little two-stacker. If the marines had seen her then they would have guessed that she belonged to some gold-braided republic's revenue service, and that the only reason that she carried a crew was to polish and scrub.

Above the pur of her engines and the swishing of her reversed propellers there came from her open ports the strains of pianola ragtime mingling strangely with the words of various Christmas carols or parodies on them. The scenes below decks would have been worthy the sort of craft that sailed the same seas two hundred years before had they furnished such luxurious quarters. Littered over the thick rugs of the floor were bottles and broken glasses and smoldering cigarettes. The saloon reeked from the stench of Turkish mixtures, spilled wines, and scorching cloth. It was plain to see that the ship was not of the national service of any nation, but a pleasure boat with her owner and friends reveling through the night.

In the middle of the saloon a man and a woman were staggering through a dance that would have shamed the Tinguianes of Mindanao. Even after the pianola had run down they cavorted up and down the room like marionettes on a string. The man had a face and a dress suit and a Cheshire grin. The woman wore a mask—or no, it wasn't a mask. It was a face—the kind of a face that a man who had never seen a woman would chisel out of stone, copying a remembered smile of his own. She was very little, but lithe and strong like a vine. She was humming a medley of ragtime hits, but her face expressed none of the life of the tunes. Her soul was in her feet, and with them she expressed each passing mood. The man followed her like a white-collared shadow—he was scarcely more.

Four others—two more white-collared phantoms and two painted women—were in the saloon. They

could not even dance. They lolled against one another, watching the dancing pair out of their wide, wine-bright eyes as though they were fascinated. One of them was singing, or rather screaming, the words of various songs, as though she were wound up and must finish. She drifted from "Ben Holt" into "One From One Leaves Two," and then into a hymn, and then, as though remembering what day was dawning, she broke up the dance by standing and singing in a high voice the old Christmas carol:

*Go ye to the mountains  
Where the myrtles grow,  
Where the pine and laurel  
Bend beneath the snow.  
Gather them for Jesus,  
Wreath them for His shrine,  
Make His temple glorious  
With the moss and vine.*

The dancing girl stopped suddenly in the middle of a whirl. She broke away from the arms of the shadow and stood swaying alone in the middle of the deck. Her soul came up from her feet and flashed into her face. For an instant the mask was gone. The Paphian luster faded from her eyes, leaving them big and blue and staring at the lips of the girl who was caroling. She rushed forward quickly.

"Stop!" she cried. "Please don't sing that—please don't." The shadows leaned back and guffawed. The girl turned away to one of the ports, while the others laughed behind her. As she stood there with her soul in her face she seemed very young and very much alive, and there was a childish wonder and longing in her eyes that set her apart from the others there. She heard one of the men coming toward her, and she felt his breath against her neck when he whispered:

"Come on, Zaidee, dance again and forget it, whatever it was." The old grin came back to her face, the light faded from her eyes, and she turned back away from the port with him. The door from the bridge opened, and a uniform entered and saluted the dancing dress suit.

"Sir," said he with the air of a midshipman re-

Cuba. There is a small marine station here, a rifle range, and a coal dock. You were speaking of a place to go ashore for Christmas dinner. There are no hotels here. The nearest town is a small sugar barrio seven miles up the Guantanamo River."

"Lower the cutter. We'll go ashore and dine under the palms," answered the owner without consulting his guests.

So it was that when Private Knuckles arose from his bunk and went to the door to go down for his morning swim he came face to face with the picture he thought he had pinned to the tamarisk bush on the outer side of McCalla Hill the night before. He grinned foolishly, thinking he was still in his dream, and started to walk on. But with the poster now there were others in the background. Knuckles saw them through a sunlit haze. He counted them slowly—five of them. He guessed that three of them were men and two were women. The one who stood nearest him he did not count at all. He became aware that they were staring at his shirtless body as though he were a thing in a cage. He looked down at himself to make sure that he was standing. He glanced through the open door at his bunk to see if, after all, he was not in there asleep. By the time he had decided that he was awake one of the men began to explain and to ask questions. The bewildered marine followed the man's finger toward the white yacht in the offing, and then his eyes were drawn back to the face of the girl. Their eyes met, and they stood silent while those behind her tittered and laughed. Knuckles raised his hand to his eyes, and the gaze of the girl was caught by the rippling furrows on his shoulder and arm. A momentary gleam of pleasure flashed into her eyes, and she looked down at his big body and monstrous feet with a smile.

But Private Knuckles, though he did not know it, was being sadly disillusioned. There was evidence enough that the girl before him had once been as the poster painted her, but now that she had painted herself, the tender face was smothered beneath the stain. Instead of ever seeming about to smile, Knuckles expected any minute to hear her laugh, and he did not want to hear that laugh. It would be shrill and hard, he thought, and her eyes would not be laughing with her. The man at her side was speaking:

"And we passed here yesterday on our way to Kingston, but last night we changed our minds and decided to eat our Christmas dinner on Uncle Sammy's soil. Is there a place here we can put our spread? We would like to have a place with a background of palms, and giant ferns and mountains in the distance, with the surf along the right border and some rainbow birds on a limb above us. Can we have it? Are you alone here? You might join us."

KNUCKLES did not like the young man's voice nor his lips, and under ordinary circumstances he would have told him so, but now he arranged his meager vocabulary into civilian's syntax and invited the whole ship's company ashore. It was unnecessary to speak of his comrades, for the voices had awakened them, and seven heads appeared in a row along the side of the door.

The yacht owner, not yet wholly sober, at once invited the whole squad to the dinner, and the girl, seemingly eager for any outside company, began to plan.

"You fellows have everything ready in some nice place by two o'clock, and we'll all eat together and—"

"And after the dinner," cackled the pale-faced man, "you'll dance for the boys, eh?" He leered like a gargyle.

"Dance?" echoed Knuckles doubtfully. His idea of a dance was of a gang of women around a beer table, or a group of savage women around a camp fire.

"Sure, dance!" leered the white-collared shadow. "You ought to see her—umh!"

Knuckles thought he saw a shade of sadness flit across the girl's face, then she parted her lips in a set smile.

"Yes, I'll dance," she said. "I'll dance for you," she added, looking up into the marine's ugly face.

It had been a wonderful dinner. The marines had eaten things which they (Continued on page 33)



Coming to the bush whereon he had draped the picture he quickly bent down the surrounding bushes until he had formed a thatch. Then Private Knuckles did a wondrous thing he had never been taught to do

porting to an admiral, "I wish to report the ship at anchor in Guantanamo Bay. Weather clear, tide out. There's a small dock ashore if you care to land."

The dancer looked down at the officer sullenly.

"Guantanamo Bay?" he lisped. "Where is it?"

"It's a naval coaling station belonging to the United States. It is on the southeastern coast of



# THE RUSH ON DAVIDSON CREEK

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

## CAMPS OF CHAOS

"PARTNER, that's what comes of underhand helping of your friends," whimsically observed ex-Marshall Cronin Hess as he absently stamped a beaten spot in the snow on the banks of Duncan Creek in the Upper Stewart country; and he fell to expatiating on the trouble he and this partner of his had gotten into through good deeds. Thorpe Calgour and his sister were protégés of this experienced Alaskan pair, and because the girl and boy were too proud to take help direct, Hess and Gayle Outremont had salted their claim with gold that had kept them alive and also caused a false stampede. The men who had piled in to stake the supposedly rich new find had grown so ugly now in the belief that the four were concealing the real pay dirt that there had been serious trouble and was likely to be more.

"Think of Tivoli Slavin and the rest," Hess growled on, "thinkin' they can get at the find by tellin' us they'll burn the cabin and us in it if we don't uncover it in less than two hours!"

"Tivoli doesn't want much, does he?" said Outremont, eying the acres of tents which studded the creek sides and the bench lands. "After skinning Thorpe out of thirty thousand dollars in exchange for that lemon claim, Thirty-Three Below, that no one could work for water, now he wants the boy to manufacture him another pay streak. Does he mean what he says about burning, or is it bluff?"

"He means it all right," declared Hess, leading the way back to the cabin in question. "We can stand them off with the Winchester while it's light, but they'll sure get the torches to us after dark. So there's no use going on with the gun play. We got to take some other means to circumvent. Come on, Gayle, and we'll put Thorpe and Trudis wise that they're in a crematorium."

But Thorpe and Trudis Calgour were already put wise. For, standing in the doorway, they had overheard the ultimatum delivered by Tivoli Slavin.

"Well," demanded Trudis, as the other men entered, "will they do it?"

"Will a husky eat?" the ex-marshal snorted. "It's not long since I heard Gayle saying the north wasn't wild and woolly. He said the Mounted Police had made the country a city park, that people weren't 'fixed' any more, and that we lived in a different period from the lawless days. I told him periods had nothing to do with it. I told him the men were the same men, and now they're sure proving it. I ain't no coward. I wouldn't have been marshal in the Lower Yukon camps if I was. I've held a few mobs in my time, but I know when there's no such thing as holding, and that's the proposition we're up against. We got to run while the runnin's good."

"But we'll never get downstream past them," objected Thorpe.

"We ain't going down," Hess told him. "We're going up, up Lightning Creek, over the Divide and then down, down the McQuesten River. We got to be thundering quick about it. Cram in more fire, Thorpe, till Tru fries a mess of moose meat. We'll have one whale of a run, and we have to have meat in our stomachs to do it. Hustle, the both of you, while Gayle and me draw water and feed the huskies a mite of fish for a blind."

AT ONCE the fair-haired Trudis rushed to the shelf that held the tin cups and plates and hurriedly began to set them on the table. Flipping open his knife, Thorpe moved gingerly to the wood box; his back was badly lamed from the first mix-up. Still hugging their rifles against a possible surprise, Hess and Outremont slipped outside.

As the two men emerged, they heard the dogs growl and, springing to the cabin corners, they saw a shadow flit from a spruce clump at the back. Gayle sprinted after it, the water pail beating a tattoo upon his hip, but the man vanished beyond the creek bank. Gayle leisurely filled his pail, did a little useless scouting, and returned up the path.

"Find him?" asked the ex-marshal, who, in view of the imminent mush, was apportioning a very scant meal to the dogs.

"No, but it's plain he had his eye on the cabin, all right."

"Well, that suits us. Let him spy. When he sees us feeding the dogs and eating our supper, he won't spread himself to raise any alarm. He'll think we're going to stick it out."

"Or else uncover the find!" chuckled Outremont. "Ain't it a caution how fellows freeze to one idea like that?"

"It's human nature, Cronin, and they can't forget the fact that Thorpe showed them the stuff he panned. It was proof of a pay streak somewhere. They saw that the gold was coarse and flat."

"They'll go a long way before they find the pay streak that came out of," laughed Hess, kicking the dogs aside as he again made for the cabin. "I cleaned it up before I was appointed marshal. You were with me when I cleaned it, Gayle. Mind where it was panned?"

"On Jack Wade Creek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, on old Jack Wade, away up in the Forty-Mile country."

A streamer of light from the open cabin doorway fell across them. Looking up, they saw Trudis, her eyes sparkling with excitement, her cheeks fire bright.

"Meat!" she demanded. "There's no more cut, and Thorpe's back's too sore to try."

Outremont sprang eagerly forward. With Hess's help he lowered by a rope a moose quarter in cold storage on the ridge pole of the cabin and cut thick slices with a razor-edged hatchet.

When they brought the meat in, Thorpe had a roaring fire on inside. Potatoes in their skins bubbled in a pot on the stove. Tru took the fresh water Outremont had fetched and warmed it to boil the coffee. The fire crooned cheerily. The table was invitingly spread with rough but wholesome fare, and in its middle a tallow candle burned with a yellow radiance. Warmth and comfort were there and that indefinable sense of completeness that a woman's presence lends. Cheer and content and calm after their clash with the violent mob of stampedeers who had insisted on lashing information out of Thorpe, a longing for rest—these were the sensations of the men. Yet they knew there could be no rest. As soon as they had bolted some food, a dash for escape with the dog teams must come. Even now Trudis was rapidly rolling the moose steak in flour for frying.

"Hurry, Thorpe, give me the pan!" she requested.

"You know I smashed it, Tru," grinned Thorpe—"smashed it over some one's head when the gang rushed the cabin. I hadn't time to get to a gun, and the pan was in my hand. The handle's gone and the rest of it is battered to a pulp."

"Cook on the stove lid, then," Hess suggested. "It's red-hot."

"No, I'll lose all the gravy," objected Tru. "Where's your old pan, Thorpe, the one with the hole in, the one you putted with clay over on Davidson Creek? Will it hold juice yet?"

"Sure!" Thorpe stood upon a chair and searched a littered shelf. "Here it is, a little lopsided, but still on the job!"

"I should say it was lopsided," his sister complained, as the pan assumed a dangerous slant on the stove. "I'll have to shave some of the dirt off."

With the butcher knife she attacked the lump of clay to reduce its dimensions.

"Hold on, Tru!" exclaimed Thorpe. "You can't do it that way. You'll pry it all—"

But he spoke too late and reached too late to prevent the sharp knife from prying off the whole lump.

"Oh, I didn't know it would peel that way!" lamented Tru.

The lump of clay had fallen on the red-hot lid of the stove. The outside of the lump was fire-baked to extreme hardness, but the inside was not so well set. Under the stove's intense heat the three men saw the lump crumble slowly, and as it crumbled it showed winking yellow grains.

As one man the three jumped for the stove, but Thorpe was ahead of the other two. He grabbed the butcher knife out of Trudis's hand and swept the clay and yellow grains on to a shovel.

"P-p-pay!" he stammered, and the shovel shook.

"Yes," laughed Outremont, catching himself up and shamefacedly resuming his seat, "pay, all right! You've been mending your pan with that good gravel you got into here."

"No, I haven't," shouted Thorpe, vehemently. "Didn't you hear what Tru said? We mended it at your moose-hunting camp on Davidson Cr—"

"Thunderation! Shut up!" snarled Hess.

But he interrupted too late. Thorpe had spoken the name of the magic creek.

At the same instant the huskies growled outside,

and there sounded the snow crunch of a moccasin leaving the cabin wall.

"You plagued fool!" stormed the ex-marshal, springing straight for the door. "You had to mouth it, hadn't you? They had a man spying and listening at the cracks. We could have kept it dark, made our break upstream and come back to Davidson when we felt like it. But now we'll have to race every man of the hundreds on the creek!"

THE moment they were outside, Hess and Outremont threw the harness on the dogs and swiftly traced them up to the sledges.

"We're too heavy to mush together, Gayle," the ex-marshal began hurriedly. "How we going to fix it?"

"You and Thorpe lead. Spell each other at the tail rope. Tru can drive for me. I think I've wind enough to stay with you."

"All right," Hess agreed. "Lie face down, Thorpe, if your back can stand it. Throw the whip into them."

Thorpe, thinking not at all of his back, cast himself at full length on the seven-foot sledge, took a firm grip with his left hand and with his right applied the long lash. The dogs leaped forward down the Duncan bank on to the creek ice and swung south at a terrific pace. The ex-marshal, clutching the end of the tail rope at the rear of the sledge, ran like one possessed, the momentum of the outfit aiding him and stretching his strides a good ten feet. Following them at the same tremendous rate rushed Outremont's team, urged on by Trudis, with Gayle sprinting like Cronin at the end of the tail rope.

The start they had was exactly the length of time it took the news of the spy to spread. This margin was not great, for the message ran quickly down the line.

"Davidson," the flying ones on the creek heard the stampedeers clamor to one another—"Davidson Creek, boys, as fast as flesh and blood'll let you!"

"Thorpe Calgour let it out at last!"

Thorpe, plying the whip, chuckled to himself at the way these men jumped to conclusions. The sample in his pocket was a gorgeous showing and exceedingly precious for the tale it told of a hidden pay streak. While the sledge rocked and whined under him and the cold night air whistled past his ears, he gloated on the possibilities of the find, and he conjured visions of the things—solid, substantial, enduring things—he would do with his new-found riches. In a day that now seemed very far away he had squandered thirty thousand dollars in Tivoli Slavin's saloon in Dawson City by buying from Tivoli a claim that was not worth thirty thousand cents. He had lost that stake under the guile and wile of Slavin, but this stake that was coming Thorpe grimly vowed he would hold!

And in order to hold it he had first to get it, for hundreds here on Duncan were frantically preparing to beat him to it. Lights flashed in and out of every snow-banked tent. Burning and violence now remained in no man's thoughts. Speed was all they had in mind. To get away, to lead his neighbor, to arrive first on Davidson Creek was for the moment the chief end of life for each member of the false stampede that Thorpe had brought in on Duncan. All about, tumult, shouting, and the howling of huskies filled the night. Men were harnessing and fighting as they harnessed their stubborn, cross-bred dogs.

"Hear that snarling?" Cronin Hess panted as he hauled himself up by the tail rope and knelt on the end of the sledge to rest. "They're going to have a sweet time with them mongrels if things get crowded!" He looked back at Outremont. "How you doing, Gayle? You better ride a bit and breathe yourself. We're away to a flying start, and you'll need all your wind when the break comes."

OUTREMONT wisely accepted this counsel. He drew in till he was able to fall on his knees on the second sled.

"How are your hands, Tru?" he asked solicitously. "Half frozen?"

"No," she answered, never stopping the crackling lash. "My blood's on fire and my heart's beating like a trip hammer. Isn't it great? Do you think we'll keep clear?"

"We have to, that's all," replied Gayle, grimly. "But it'll be a bitter fight. They're nearly all old-timers. They can drive dogs as a Mexican planter drives



slaves, and their souls are full of wiles. They'll do their worst to jam us."

Hardly had he spoken thus, when he leaped off the sledge, crying a warning to the ex-marshal. "Look out, Cronin," he yelled. "Look out! Swing wide!"

It was well at that moment that Hess rode on the forward sled, for the trick was new to Thorpe and would have caught him unawares. Over the right bank shot a racing team of huskies, driven by an apparently crazy man. It bore straight athwart the ex-marshal's course with the intention of colliding with his outfit, jamming him and getting the lead. The team came like lightning, but Cronin, warned in time, uttered sharp commands, enforced by the walrus-hide whip he had snatched from Thorpe.

Thorpe's team swerved suddenly to the left, at the same time leaping ahead in a furious spurt under the cruel whip. It was a narrow shave. The other outfit just missed Thorpe's. So close it passed that the crazy man's savage lead dog flashed out its fangs as it galloped and ripped the ex-marshal's thigh.

The blood dripped, staining the spotless creek surface. Hess swore and whipped on the huskies. The opposite bank stopped the crazy man's flight with a crash, and in the clear path Outremont slipped by.

"That fellow will have to halt a while for repairs," Gayle told the startled Trudis. "Not frightened, are you?"

"No," she answered, breathing thickly, "but they're vicious, aren't they?"

"Not a patch to what they will be!" Gayle assured her.

Again and again men tried to jam the leading sledge, but the cunning ex-marshal always managed to wriggle round them. Down toward the end of the tent line two teams rocketed over the bank at once. Only a few yards separated them, and it looked to Trudis and Outremont as if Hess were shrewdly trapped. Gayle shouted in alarm and pressed up his dogs to render possible aid. Cronin, however, had instantly sized up the situation. He saw that the nearer team was coming at an angle to force him into such a deep curve that the farther team would be on top of him before he could again reach the straightaway course.

So the ex-marshal didn't take the curve. A sudden halt was his chance. Yet he dared not trust the simple trick of tripping the wheel dog to brake them to a halt. Bidding Thorpe on no account to lose his grip, he reached down, seized on the upright pieces that supported the sledge runner, and by a sudden powerful heave threw the sledge upon its side. The sledge slid a little, dragging Thorpe and the ex-marshal all a-sprawl and hanging on like limpets with their hands. In this manner it was not possible for the sled to go far. A rod or two, and the huskies were stopped with a jerk that tumbled them on their backs and all but parted the tough leathern traces.

The angling sledge, baffled, this time whizzed by in front. The other one, bent on intercepting that deep curve the ex-marshal hadn't taken, hawed round frantically to meet the new emergency. All it succeeded in doing, however, was to wheel sharply into

its fellow. The sleds collided and upset. The huskies rolled over and over, wound up each other's traces, snarled and fought.

Hess and Thorpe immediately sprang up, righted their sledge, and swept on, with Outremont's lead dog nosing the ex-marshal's heels.

"Good boy, Cronin!" applauded Gayle, exultantly. "Good boy! That's going some!"

Cronin, snow-plastered from heel to scalp by the dragging, the gash in his leg spattering blood at every jump, looked back and grinned.

"We're past the tents now, Gayle," he called,

facial expression or mark the glow in his cheeks. This relief of detail was what made the scene so vivid, so unforgettable to those in the lead. They saw that night a picture that was not often painted, the picture of more than six hundred men insanely driving fifteen hundred dogs. Three hundred sleds there were, and two men and five dogs to a sled, and the marked difference in the speed of the teams and in the celerity with which they got away strung the procession out over many miles. In some places they ran two and even three abreast, but for the most part there was a gap between every pair of outfits which the hinder outfit strove to lessen. All were crazed with excitement and gripped by the gold lust that rules every man who has ever struck shovel into rich low-level gravels or flashed colors in a pan upon the banks of streams.

Still, the outfits of Hess and Outremont had not a great deal of trouble keeping the lead down the twenty-odd miles of Duncan Creek. The narrowness of the creek aided them in places, and they mushed like fiends and inspired their drivers so that they never slackened in the drive. Outremont was joyously amazed at Tru's resource and resoluteness. He openly prized her beyond all women, and he hoped shortly to be in a position to stake a Discovery claim on her heart, but here was a new phase of her protean nature revealed to him. He knew she was no cheechako, yet this was a test outside a woman's pale. He had half expected her to develop nervousness, to give trouble and make it hard for him to keep his place behind his partner. But to his joy and admiration she never quailed. Steadfastly she drove, never allowing the distance between her lead dog and Cronin Hess's heels to widen more than a few yards.

"Tru," murmured Gayle, growing bold as he knelt on the rear of the sled, "we're going to win. Do you know what that means for us both?"

"Yes," she smiled over her shoulder,

"that's what is going to make us win."

In her eyes was promise, surrender, such as her pride of poverty had never let him see before. Gayle's blood leaped, and he blessed the mad race that had torn away her mask and brought them both face to face with the elemental in life. The next instant he was back in his place at the end of the tail rope again. On and on in the lead they rushed to the crack of the whip and the shriek of the sled and the confused roar of the straining crowd behind. Whenever the two teams gained a little, Hess and Outremont would pull up by the tail ropes and take the kneeling rest. Whenever they were hard pressed, they would spring off and gallop desperately on the creek ice. The lightened huskies would then draw ahead once more and gain them respite.

At times Thorpe spelled the ex-marshal, but the latter took far more than his share of the toil. For he knew that Thorpe's back was in no condition to stand jolting, and one could not always time one's movements so as to slacken the body muscles to the jerk of the tail rope or to land lightly in the inordinate stride. With what little running he did the youth's back was already (Continued on page 29)



The lump of clay had fallen on the red-hot lid of the stove. Under the stove's intense heat the three men saw the lump crumble slowly, and as it crumbled it showed winking yellow grains

"They can't jam us unless they come from behind. I've done my part. We got a clear path, and it's up to you to keep it clear. They'll begin to crowd about the Mayo River."

**STAMPEDES** without number there have been in the Yukon—big stampedes, little stampedes, long stampedes, short stampedes, stampedes at seventy below in winter, and stampedes at ninety above in summer, but the midnight stampede on Davidson Creek was unparalleled in history. It was remarkable in many ways, because of the number of men, because of the plethora of dogs, because the run was made without snowshoes and practically all on a smooth-packed surface, because of the record time of the rush and because of other things.

The night was clear and crisp. The peculiar sub-Arctic gloom that drew in at early evening was dispelled again by the effulgence of the heavens. The large, luminous stars danced overhead, foretelling great cold to come, and the aurora glowed like silver flame. The eye could see distinctly for immense distances. Near at hand everything was fresh, sharp, cameolike. One could easily read his neighbor's



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**SERVIAN SENTINELS WATCHING** *Austro-Hungarian trenches for signs of activity. The Serbs have been in high spirits since they routed the Austrians in December and drove them back across the River Save, but they do not boast of their success. They fight like demons, but take their victories modestly. To quote a British newspaper correspondent with King Peter's troops, "they are not professional soldiers, these husbandmen who leave the plow and shoulder the rifle, but they do it as to the manner born, so that one might doubt if they had ever done anything else. It is not the soldier's esprit de corps which inspires the gallant Serbs, but love of country"*

Photograph by Paul Thompson



**GERMANS RESTING THEIR TEAMS** *in the Rawka River district, the scene of part of the battle of Goumine-Borjimow. Germany's fine military railway system does not extend beyond the border, and wagons, sleighs, and motor cars are the main dependence in Russian Poland*

# Human Reeds in

Photograph by Leon Modem



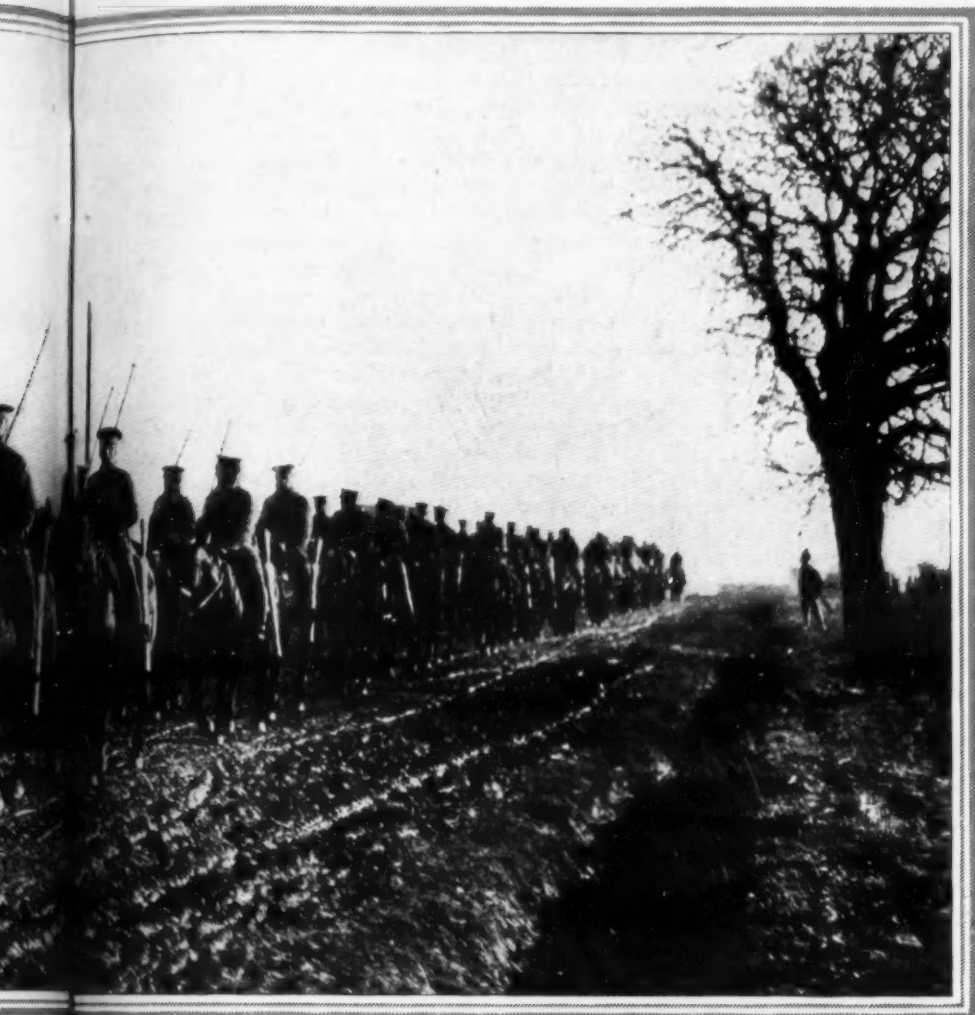
**BRITISH LANCERS ON THE MOVE** *in France. Early in the war the British cavalry, like the German, hurled a large force of cavalry against the advancing Germans and his ranks were riddled by machine guns.*



**FRENCH ALPINE CHASSEURS** *in snow in the Vosges, constantly since the war began. The men lying on their heels. Sometimes the snowfall in this region*



# in the Wind of War



like the German, learned that it is folly to charge on a grand scale. During the retreat at Mons General de Lisle Since that time the British cavalry has been doing general utility work along the western front



A WOUNDED GERMAN being carried from the field in France by four of his comrades. The Germans have lost approximately 1,500,000 in killed and wounded and 300,000 are prisoners in the hands of the Allies. And despite the terrible slaughter of their men in the unsuccessful "drives" toward Paris, Calais, and Warsaw, the German generals continue their mass tactics. In the great battle of Goumme-Borjow, when a huge army under General von Mackensen was beaten in an attempt to take Warsaw, the Germans lost upward of 100,000 in killed and wounded. The total for Germany and Austria is about 3,500,000; for the Allies, 3,000,000

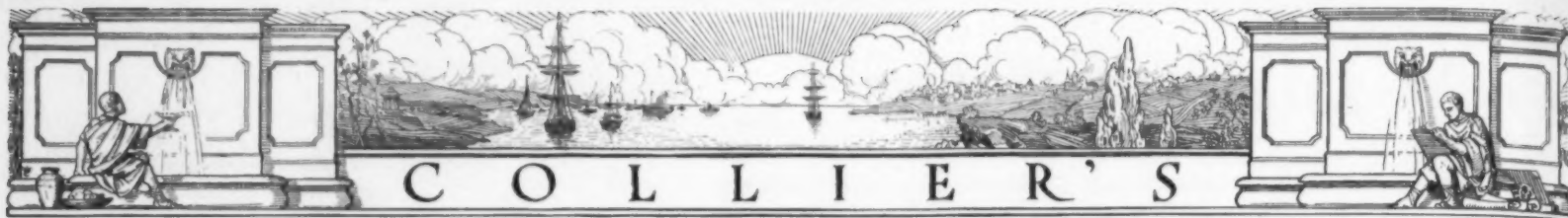


now in the trenches, where they have been in action almost continuously. They have removed their skis, which are at their feet, and the troops cannot see ten yards ahead



GERMAN ARTILLERY IN HIDING on the battle line in France. The gun is completely covered to protect it from bursting shells. When an order to go into action is received, the men throw off the roof in a few minutes and begin to feed shells into the breech of the gun





### *We Are Pro-Americans*

FROM AN ADDRESS of the President of the United States—an address equally notable for its justice and its timeliness:

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial. . . . The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign relations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connections as possible. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own ground to stand on foreign ground? Why, by intertwining our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?"

President WILSON has lived up to the Americanism of these words. He is a pro-American. So was the author of the paragraphs which we have quoted at such length from his Farewell Address—the first President of our United States, whose birthday we celebrate: GEORGE WASHINGTON.

### *Hats Off to a Good Citizen*

KUNO FRANCKE sounds like a German name. Its owner is, however, an American. Asked to join with other persons at Washington on January 30 to organize in favor of a so-called "genuine American neutrality" that would be, in effect, an active pro-German partisanship, Professor FRANCKE declined. Just what the organization in question was planned for we discussed last week in a paragraph entitled "We Are Americans"; it is the movement in which Mr. BARTHOLDT of Missouri, Mr. VOLLMER of Iowa, and others have expressed themselves, and had for one of its aims the declaration of an unneutral embargo upon war supplies. In explaining his reasons for not joining with these militant pro-Germans, Professor KUNO FRANCKE has this to say:

I believe it would be against my duties as an American citizen if I were to take part in a propaganda the purpose of which will be thought to be to force our Government into a hostile attitude toward England. I do not wish to emphasize the fact that the proclamation of an embargo on arms and munitions of war would be an altogether illusory thing. Arms and other implements of war would, if our Government established an embargo on them, be shipped from this country to Havana, or to Vigo, or to some other neutral port and would reach their destination from there without any hindrance. What I do wish to emphasize is that the establishment of such an embargo would inevitably bring our Government into conflict with England and might drive us into war with England. As an American citizen I cannot possibly support a policy which would bring the terrors of war to our own country.

This is well said, and bravely. Professor FRANCKE has really done more to keep warm the ties of friendliness between individuals of German nationality or German descent and Americans of other descent than a whole army corps of such publicists as Dr. FRANCKE's colleague at Harvard, HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, Dr. BERNHARD DERNBURG, Dr. KUNO MEYER, and the German Ambassador himself.

### *False Blockades and False Logic*

TOO MUCH HEED has been paid to the *Lusitania* incident and to charges that our flag has been used by alien merchantmen. There is nothing novel in such a use of flags by vessels of a belligerent. From the standpoint of international law there is nothing wrong about all this—although a man-of-war must, of course, show its own flag before it fires upon an enemy. American warships and privateers made effective use of the British flag as long ago as 1812, and we flew the Spanish flag during our war with Spain. More recently, German raiders have used Russian and Japanese flags—and have been awarded the Iron Cross by the Kaiser for exploits to which this ruse contributed. War is not a parlor game. On the other hand, war has its rules, and even though the rules admit of savagery and sharp practice, it is our essential interest to insist upon their observance. Now, Germany has proclaimed

a sort of paper blockade of British waters, warning off neutral commerce. Obviously, the United States will not tolerate the notion that German submarines—for there is, as we write, no blockade, only occasionally raiding submarines—may send merchant ships to the bottom with their cargoes and their passengers, including Americans. This is not a question of our sympathies with England as against Germany, but the interests of the United States as a neutral must and shall be consulted. Incidentally, there is no record of any European power sending either neutral or enemy merchantmen to the bottom without providing for the safety of their passengers and crews. The argument might be advanced that Germany has as good a right to blockade England as England has to blockade Germany; this is perfectly true, only the blockade of German ports has long been an accomplishable fact, whereas the other "blockade" remains a tragic bluff. A real blockade of England is feasible only through (1) the escape of the German fleet from the Kiel Canal or (2) the casting to the four winds of all international law governing the treatment of merchantmen. And to the latter solution that part of the world which is now neutral will never consent. There is outspoken indignation in Greece, in Sweden, in Holland, in Italy; and one of these countries is Germany's ally, while two others have been regarded as pro-German. We believe that the neutral powers may justly join hands to insist that their commerce shall not be utterly destroyed, the established rules of ocean warfare set aside, and their rights as noncombatants flagrantly disregarded just because Germany still hopes to frighten her great enemy at their expense. On the sea, Germany is one nation against many: she must be intelligent enough to avoid increasing the odds against her.

### *That Ship Purchase Muddle*

AS THE DEADLOCKED DEBATE in the Senate dragged its weary length toward adjournment, the mystery of it all deepened. Why should President WILSON have staked his leadership on a hasty patchwork of a bill which can be argued only by time killing? How can a merchant marine fit for the commerce of a nation be secured from the fag-end of a Congress torn by partisanship and lacking the guidance of an informed public opinion? This measure cannot meet our present difficulties, and there has been no time to hammer out the details of a great constructive law such as must be passed if the United States is to become a maritime power of the first rank. President WILSON has lessened his prestige and has given the less reputable Democrats a vital issue on which to oppose him. It is a muddled and foolish ending for a notable Congress.

### *The Certainty of Woman Suffrage*

WITHIN TEN YEARS OR LESS women will be voting on the same terms as men in most of our States, and the backward remnant will be hustling to catch up. The movement has passed the stage of doubt and ridicule, and has almost passed the stage of argument. The change from the indifference of twenty years ago is amazing. Women vote in eleven States now, against four then, and the issue will be up to the voters this fall in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Tennessee, and perhaps other States. The affirmative side is active, aggressive, and confident, and includes many men who have gained their faith by fighting for better politics. In comparison, the mental bankruptcy of the antis is fairly pitiful. The suffragists can rest their case on the plain fact that women do participate in the life of our modern communities, and should, therefore, participate in the business of government. The antis can reply only with solemn and pathetic foolishness about "disorganizing society," "advanced theories," "new evils," and the like—the stale harpings of prejudice and timidity. In a contest between such forces the outcome is certain, for the United States is neither timid nor silly.

### *Backing for That Resolution*

THE LOSS of five hundred thousand men in war can be made good in less than ten years through complete abstinence from alcohol by all the inhabitants of Russia. This is not the statement of some professional temperance booster; it is the estimate of Mr. ARTHUR HUNTER, actuary with the New York Life Insurance Company. To the Association of Life Insurance Presidents he recently read a paper based on the study of the deaths of *two million policy holders* during twenty-five years. This was his statement: "Total abstainers have a mortality during the working years of life of about





one-half of that among those who use alcohol to the extent of at least two glasses of whisky a day." Do facts mean anything to you? How much of your life and its energies are you cashing in for whisky?

#### A Miner of Good Metal

THERE HAS DIED at Helena, Mont., a remarkable character; remarkable in that, while he was worth several millions of dollars and had as romantic a career as has ever been portrayed in fiction, he never sought publicity and certainly never dreamed that his name or deeds would be blazoned even on this quiet page. Yet there are several angles of THOMAS CRUSE'S career that are worth pondering. Out of obscurity and poverty he became one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of a State famed for its men of wealth and spectacular achievement. He discovered the Drum-Lummon mine. Unlike many mining men, his good fortune did not turn his head. Though illiterate, he became a successful business man and banker, and left behind him the example of a well-spent, upright life, starred with many good deeds. In a time of financial depression, when money was hard to get even at high rates of interest, he loaned his State the funds to build its capitol. His mining industry supported for years a community of contented souls. Yet had there been a literacy test at the time of his advent in this country, he would have been compelled to return to the Green Isle whence he came. For twenty years, while in the lonely hills he dug for the treasure which he had faith was there, he braved the taunts of young and old on his visits to Helena to beg credit for flour and bacon to keep him alive. Boys jeered him in the streets, so austere was his manner and so ragged his clothes. When he was paid his first cash installment of \$1,600,000 on his Drum-Lummon mine by an English syndicate, he showed his philosophy by turning to a friend as he pocketed a roll of bills and telling him that he had suffered for years the derision of many nicknames, but that he had an opinion he would be known henceforth as "Mr. CRUSE." Nobody had ever thought enough of him to call him that before. He showed his human nature when, during the panic of 1893, he sent word to one or two merchants that had given him precious credit when he needed it that his bank vaults were open to them, but turned a deaf ear to the appeals of others who had turned deaf ears to his appeals in his days of trial. Here was great wealth, honestly achieved, against which no man railed, and it was not the root of evil or of riotous living, but branches laden with good—modestly and fittingly showered.

#### What Women Expect

IN HIS ABLE REPORT on "Prostitution in Europe," ABRAHAM FLEXNER gives this explanation of an evil situation which the suffragists wish to change:

Europe has been a man's world—managed by men and largely for men, for cynical men at that—men inured to the sight of human inequalities, callous as to the value of lower-class life, and distinctly lacking in respect for womanhood, especially that of the working classes.

One is grateful that this cynical attitude on the part of men holds less true in America. A mid-Western weekly sheds an illuminative ray on this question in telling of a Bohemian who remarked: "I would not marry an American girl! They expect a man to be true to them!" The American wife *does* take marriage seriously; she *does* expect her husband to be true to her. More than anything else, this expectation of hers tends to make the man regard intentional infidelity as something preposterous. The surest way for woman to be held at a high valuation is for her to desire and claim such a valuation.

#### A Land of Snow

IT IS NO DETRACTION from the indisputable rigors of the Great Northwest to say that when winter is mentioned in this country the mind is as likely as not to turn toward New England. It doesn't require the Weather Bureau's daily Bulletin from Eastport, Me., and Northfield, Vt., to bring this about. From the time our forbears starved on the shores of Massachusetts Bay the inexorable and beautiful season of snow has seemed as intrinsic a part of New England as the granite in her hills. Even if one were tempted to forget this, the literature of New England would prevent. The bleakness of winter serves as background for Mrs. WHARTON'S "Ethan Frome"—an idyll of character and countryside worthy of HAWTHORNE himself. A trio of poets paint the more cheerful aspect. Let EMERSON give us the storm itself:

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight. . . .

the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Perhaps a dropping mercury brings  
The sort of clear night about which  
LOWELL said:

God makes such nights, all white an' still,  
Fur'z you can look or listen;  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

And those who were born and bred  
among the White Mountains or the Green  
Mountains or the Berkshires will appreciate this from WHITTIER:

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
Of merry voices high and clear;  
And saw the teamsters drawing near  
To break the drifted highways out.  
Down the long hillside, treading slow,  
We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
Shaking the snow from heads upstost,  
Their straining nostrils white with frost.

For a true, compact picture of old New England, nothing beats "Snow-Bound."

#### A Nebraska Journalist on the Press

PEOPLE HAVE NO CONFIDENCE in great newspapers, says Mr. BRYAN, "because they are big enterprises too

much influenced by big business interests." It is true that great newspapers are "big enterprises"—and that is, as the New York "World" observes, just what tends to prevent their being influenced in any sinister sense by "big business." Great newspapers are, or can be, independent of both big and little businesses: individually speaking, for, of course, every newspaper depends upon business taken collectively for its prosperity and even for its bare existence. But the great newspapers of Chicago and New York are probably less affected, on the whole, by the railway influence or the quack influence or the booze influence than are the struggling little newspapers of the small towns.

#### What Does a Newspaper Mean?

TWO OR THREE MONTHS AGO the Hartford (Conn.) "Courant" got out a ninety-six-page edition to celebrate its one hundred and fiftieth birthday. No. 1 of the "Courant" was "printed by THOMAS GREEN at the Heart & Crown near the North Meeting-House," and boldly asserted:

Was it not for the Press we should be left almost intirely ignorant of all those noble Sentiments which the Antients were endow'd with.

The "Courant" has held to its traditions fairly well. Though the "noble sentiments" are somewhat obscured in some printing offices by the rush and roar of patent-medicine advertising (see Mr. BRYAN'S "Commoner"), we believe the older creed is coming back; that social service, the betterment of life, the ennobling of the human spirit, are to become more and more the conscious goal of journalism. What does a newspaper mean to you?





Goods  
on this side are  
**Profit-Sharing**  
and contain  
**UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS**



# YOUR WHOLE FAMILY BY THE UNITED PRO

## Profit-Sharing Goods

are those which are pictured *at the left* and listed below. United Profit-Sharing Coupons are given with them. These valuable coupons will bring you United Quality Premiums.

This means that if you always ask for these goods when making your daily purchases, you will get more for your money.

### Profit-Sharing Goods are Standard Articles

When you buy Profit-Sharing Goods you not only get United Profit-Sharing Coupons but you get standard articles of dependable quality.

You can buy Profit-Sharing Goods with the absolute assurance that they represent the best value you can get for your money.

### Ask your dealer for United Profit-Sharing Goods

You can receive these valuable profit-sharing Coupons on many of the things you buy every day for home use, if you always ask for United "Profit-Sharing" Goods. Therefore it will be well worth while to familiarize yourself with the name and appearance of every article that contains United Profit-Sharing Coupons.

The savings on purchases made by your entire family will enable you to get many useful and valuable things that you want.

These are "Profit-Sharing" Goods. You get UNITED Profit-Sharing COUPONS with a

Wrigley's Spearmint and Doublemint Chewing Gum	Harter's Flour	Unico Coffee (New Orleans and Southern States)	Chalmers' Gelatine	Good Luck and Pristine Baking Powder	Nesco Royal Granite Enamelware
Swift's Toilet and Laundry Soaps	Black Cross Teas, Coffees and Mustard (Cleveland and Middle West)	Blank's Teas, Coffees, Spices and Flavoring Extracts (St. Louis and Middle West)	Durkee's Salad Dressing	Snowdrift Shortening	B-B Dustless Mops, Polishing Oil and Dust Cloths
Angelus Flour	Aragon Teas, Coffees and Peanut Products (Richmond and the South)	Butterfly Condensed Milk	Wesson Salad Oil	Faultless Starch	Bob White Toilet Paper
Igleheart Bros. Flour			Downey's Delight Butterine	McLean & Black Co's Jewelry and Silverware	Western Toilet Paper

### The "UNITED" Premium Catalog Sent FREE

You should send today for the "United" catalog showing nearly 1000 "United Quality" Premiums. It also contains the names of "United" Profit-Sharing goods as well as the cities in which we have local Premium Stations

### UNITED PROFIT-SHARING

44 West 18th Street Dept. 20



You can now get "United" at United Cigar Stores but i

The popular Coupons issued by the U combined with United Profit-Sharing Co. factories and redeemed for the same that for years have given universal s United Cigar Store customers.

United Profit-Sharing Coupons are now packed with confectionery, toilet articles, wearing apparel, tobacco, and other necessities—things that are used daily by every member of the family. These valuable coupons represent a big saving on your purchases. Save them in the goods you are now buying. Save them more if you always ask for the goods that contain

# UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

THE MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM COUPON  
Good for same premiums as United



**BUY THESE PRODUCTS and you**



# EVERY FAMILY CAN NOW BENEFIT FROM THE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN



United Coupons not only  
available at stores but in many other ways

United Cigar Stores may be  
obtained by the United Profit-Sharing Coupons now packed by manu-  
facturers for the same United Quality premiums  
to thousands of members.

are now packed with many leading brands of groceries,  
clothing, apparel, tobacco and a variety of household neces-  
saries by every member of your family. (See list below.)  
at a big saving on your every day purchases. Look for  
United Coupons. Save them. You can make every dollar worth  
of goods that contain

## UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

PREMIUM COUPONS IN THE WORLD  
as United Cigar Store Coupons

United Coupons with all of them. Remember every name. Ask for them at stores where you trade

Bisco Royal Granite Canned Waxes DuPont Maps Polishing Oil and Lustre Cloth White Toilet Paper Eastern Toilet Paper	Peconut Crisps Boston Wafers Callit Mints O'Brien's Chocolates (Omaha and the West)	Smith-Kirk Confectionery (Toledo and Middle West) Giant Salted Peanuts (To- ledo and Middle West) United Art Gift Cards, Posters, Seals and Stamps	Brown's Log Cabin Tobacco Quoted Smoking Tobacco Whip Smoking Tobacco Intermission Little Cigars London Gold Tip Cigarettes Royal Nestor Cigarettes	De Long Hooks and Eyes Boston Garters Beaded Tip Shoe Laces Durham Duplex Razors Frisbie Collars and Shirts Shirley President Sus- penders	Tru-val Cravats Everlasting Hosiery Sutrite Hosiery Lotus Hosiery Mason Shoe Polish Rubber-set Toothbrushes and Shaving Brushes
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PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION  
Dept. 20 New York City

## United Quality Premiums

The pictures at the right of this page show a few of the "nearly 1000" high grade, useful and valuable things that you can get with United Profit-Sharing Coupons.

Remember:—United Profit-Sharing Coupons can be combined with United Cigar Stores Coupons. They can both be redeemed—together—for the same "United Quality" Premiums.

### UNITED Quality Premiums for the whole family

The "United" premium list includes jewelry, silverware, cut glass, china, furniture, sporting goods, toys, cutlery, toilet articles—all reliable—things that everyone wants.

There are many desirable gifts for weddings, birthdays or Christmas. Each one is a *worth-while* article—such as you would like to own.

### It's not hard to get United Quality Premiums

You don't have to wait until you have saved a lot of "United" Coupons. You can get good premiums for a few "United" Coupons—even as low as five. There is no trouble or delay in getting United Quality Premiums. You can redeem your coupons immediately, at any of the "United" Premium Stations named in our catalog.

Or you can mail your coupons and the premiums you want will be sent you at once.



Premiums  
on this side are  
United Quality  
given for

UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS



### 10 UNITED Profit-Sharing Coupons Sent FREE

If you send for a "United" Premium catalog at once we will help you start your collection by sending you 10 of these valuable coupons FREE. Use the blank below or write us—a post card will do.

Dept. 20  
Sign and  
mail today  
UNITED PROFIT-SHARING  
CORPORATION, Inc.  
44 West 18th Street, New York City  
As per your offer please send me the 10 valuable  
UNITED Profit-Sharing COUPONS FREE and the il-  
lustrated catalogue of nearly 1000 "UNITED" Premiums.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

you can get THESE PREMIUMS



# BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

## CHAPTER X FREEDOM ONCE MORE

BY  
MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

SHE left the doctor on the dry, warm porch of her neighbor's house and turned back over the grinding gravel of the drive to the dark road. All her senses were alert. She was not afraid, but she was living at high speed, her mind racing sometimes to Anita with her sick, yellow face, sometimes to Hare, looking radiant by the side of Helen Farley, and sometimes to Thornton, defeated, possibly dishonored, and about to lose Grassmere. She had driven perhaps half a mile, when she almost ran into a man, walking toward her, head down, shoulders bowed. He swerved aside under the horse's head, and something in the blurred outline of his figure assured her that it was Thornton.

"Stephen," she called, "where are you going?"

He came to the side of the dogcart and stared up at her. "Is it you, Barbara?" he asked uncertainly. His tone was that of a man bewildered with sleep, unable to realize his surroundings.

"I'm walking," Thornton said. "I had to walk." Pityingly, Barbara comprehended. He had come instinctively to the red road that he knew so well, to the old places among which he had grown up. "Get in here," she said. "You're miles from where you have to sleep."

He mounted beside her, and she drove on slowly under the lashing rain. A sheaf of long lightning struck across the sky, and by its quick gleam she saw his set, wretched face. "I've seen Lucia," he said.

"Oh, dear Stephen, I'm so sorry," Barbara cried.

"Do you know," he said, in a surprised tone, "I don't greatly mind, really? I remember when I was studying 'King Lear' long ago, I was struck by the line, 'For when the greater malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt.'" Barbara felt sorry for Lucia. Thornton could not have loved her deeply if he put her so far below his career. He half answered what was in her mind by continuing: "It's not that I haven't cared for Lucia; and that I don't care for her still, but I'm not the same man she loved a few weeks ago. Then I was in the full tide of success, honored, with no limits to my ambition. Now I'm dishonored. I'm not beaten, mind you; I won't lie down. But I'm ended in my own State, the only place that has any meaning for me."—"No, you're not beaten, Stephen," she said. "You'll live this down, and you'll build up your career here, in the very place where you've been so badly used. There'll be plenty of people to help." He gave a short laugh. "You don't understand, I'm afraid. Marshall gave me the hint this evening. The Bar Association means to disbar me."—"Oh, Stephen, it can't be," she breathed.—"So I should have said two months ago. It can't be, but it is. My work as a lawyer is ended, here or anywhere else." The horse was moving slowly, drawing the dogcart with difficulty through the heavy mud. The rain was coming down furiously, and Barbara's hands were wet and cold. Here and there a light showed in a farmhouse window. She checked the horse and turned in her seat to look at Thornton. He had lost all—the chance to work at the career he had chosen, the woman he cared for, the esteem of the world which judges by appearances. But he should not lose everything. Barbara compressed her lips and took impulsively her resolution: he should not lose Grassmere.

"Where are you going?" he asked dully.

"Back to Grassmere. I was going on an errand for Anita to Charlottesville, but I've thought of another way of managing. Come back with me, Stephen, will you? I'm asking for my sake, and not yours. Anita is worse, and Dr. Lewis says there ought to be a white man in the house to-night."

"Yes," he assented; then he murmured: "Disbarred!"

Barbara was not the sort of person to take a woman's career seriously. To her, love and home and children made the future worth while; anything else was a stop gap or a substitution. She had met, while in college, girls who did seem to put a career before any other future, and she had believed that they were either deceiving themselves or posing. But she knew that all that there is of a man must go into his work—his keenest mental efforts, his highest moments of idealism, his selfishnesses, his littlenesses; they all unite to form that curious mixture of good and bad which is the man himself—and is read in the sum total of his achievement. She knew the completeness of Thornton's loss.

"Stephen," she said, "we're too close to it yet to tell what can be done. Maybe they will decide not to disbar you."

He shook his head at that. "Don't try to feed me on false hopes, Barbara. I'm not a baby, you know. I can stand up under all that will happen to me, including the cold-shouldering of my old friends. The vital thing is that I've got no future."

"You have a future, Stephen. I know a way can be worked out, and I'll help you; I'll stand by you as never friend stood by friend before. We'll see each other every day. I know I can be of use."



"I reckon I've run on too much," she said hastily. "But you are from home, and talking to you this afternoon seemed like talking to myself, Miss Barbara"

He found her chilled hand. "I know you can, too, Barbara. I believe that, instinctively, I was walking to you to-night. I've forgotten that day when you said we could be good pals, and you've always helped. I'm not moaning for sympathy, but I can get along better if I have your friendship, if I can be sure of seeing you every day, as you promise."

Barbara had forgotten all about Hare and her own forebodings and uncertainties. She was conscious of a tremendous exhilaration to which the wind and the rain were a fit setting. She had a keen sense of power, almost a conviction, that with her own hands she could set right Thornton's

crooked destiny. He should have Grassmere, and some day his innocence should be proved. She drove on slowly, for she wanted to arrive at Grassmere so that it would seem as if she had had time to go to Charlottesville and return.

WHEN they reached Grassmere, Barbara led Thornton quietly into the house.

"I'm not going to tell Anita you're here," she whispered. "She must not suspect that we are disquieted about her. I'll give you the downstairs bedroom."

She left him in the library and mounted the stairs. At the top she met Sissy, her broad face frightened. "Miss Anita say you-all come to her at once. She say she's done been listening to yo' horse a-goin' to Charlottesville."

"Mr. Thornton's here, but don't tell Miss Anita," Barbara cautioned. "The doctor said I must have some one." They heard a step in the cold passage, and, looking up, they saw Anita feeling her way unsteadily toward them. Barbara ran toward her. "Sister Anita! You mustn't! The doctor said—" "What are you-all conspiring about?" croaked Anita.

"Get a hot-water bag, Sissy," Barbara directed. "You go and get young 'Thias," Anita said. "Bring him to me."

"Get 'Thias, if Miss Anita wants him," Barbara said.

She carried Anita to her bed, and chafed her cold hands and feet.

"Let me alone," Anita said fiercely. "Your touch sickens me. Did you go on Kirby like I told you to Charlottesville?"

"I couldn't take Kirby, sister Anita; he was too tired. I took the dogcart and Mungo. I stopped on the way for Dr. Lewis."

Anita's hard gaze wavered.

"I thought you were lying. I knew Kirby was in the stall. If you took the dogcart, why didn't you bring back the lawyer?"

"He said it was of no use to come, sister Anita. Said he'd have to draw up the will—"

"How could he draw up the will," Anita said, "when he doesn't know how I'm going to make it?" Barbara met her suspicious eyes calmly.

"You know, sister Anita, that there's a lot in the first part of the will that goes in no matter who you leave your property to—all that about directing that all your just debts be paid. Besides that, he said he didn't have any forms either in his house or office; that he'd have to get them from some other lawyer, and that he couldn't rout out anyone else at that hour of the night and drag him down to his office. He said, too, that it would be pretty hard to get witnesses after midnight. He's coming in the morning."

"What time?"

"He didn't say, sister Anita, but I suppose as soon as he can. I told him the matter was urgent."

Sissy put her head in the doorway.

"Here's 'Thias now, Miss Barbara."

"It wasn't Miss Barbara who sent for him, Sissy," Anita said. "It was me. I'm still the mistress in this house!"

"Come in, 'Thias," Barbara called. "Please don't sit up, sister Anita; the doctor said you mustn't."

Young 'Thias entered sheepishly, his toes turned in, a feeble smile on his face.

"'Thias, did Miss Barbara drive out with the dogcart?"

Young 'Thias cast an embarrassed look at Barbara.

"You look at me," Anita said.

"Yes'm, she sho' did have de dogcart," 'Thias said.

"What horse did she take?"

"She done take Mungo."



"What does the cart look like?"  
 "What do it look like?" repeated the negro in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, has it got mud on it, or hasn't it?"  
 "Law, Miss Anita, de mud is dat thick I'll sho' have to take a rake handle to punch it out wid in de mawnin'. Caint no li'l whittle stick do it."

"Go downstairs," Anita said.  
 Young "Thias moved to the door, Sissy behind him. "Come back here, Sissy," Anita said; "u don't reckon I'm going to be left alone with Miss Barbara, do you?"

Barbara and Sissy took a seat on each side of the sick woman's bed. She lay silent, her unblinking eyes fastened on the ceiling. After a long time her eyes closed, and she slept.

"Go, Sissy," Barbara said, "and get the downstairs bedroom ready for Mr. Thornton. Then try to sleep. If I need you, I'll ring the big breakfast bell."

WHEN Sissy had gone, Barbara looked at her watch. It was almost midnight. She got into a loose gown, prepared Anita's medicines, and settled herself for a long vigil. One step at a time, she told herself, was all she could take, but she must prepare some plausible story for the lawyer's nonappearance in the morning. She felt a keener sympathy for Anita, so pitifully at her mercy. Her exalted mood had died and her conscience began to mock. All she had meant was to force Anita to take time to consider before she made a new will. Yet, after all, Grassmere belonged to Anita. She had a right to leave it to whom she pleased. There was no legal reason why Thornton should have it. Who was she to take justice into her own hands?

She looked up, her face distressed, to find Anita's eyes upon her.

"There's a stranger in this house," Anita said. "Who have you brought into my house?"

"Nobody, sister Anita," Barbara said, soothingly. "Drink this."

Anita pushed away the medicine.

"Who is the man downstairs?" she asked.

Barbara was startled at her clairvoyance.

"There's nobody. The doctor said you must take your medicine."

"Let Sissy give it to me."

"Sissy is asleep, sister Anita," Barbara said gently. "She'll have to take care of you in the morning, you know. Shall I call her?"

"I can rest without the medicine," said Anita, and again she slept.

Barbara sat rigidly in her chair, her brow knitted, again considering her passionate advocacy of the right of Grassmere to a decent owner. She had no right in it herself, except one of habit and sentiment. "It isn't as if I expected to gain anything by it," she cried aloud in her conscience.

She went over and over the grounds of her conduct. Sympathy for Thornton had carried her off her feet, carried her to the limit of coercing a sick woman, perhaps of committing a crime. The same thoughts whirled through her head again and again, first violently, then slowly and dimly, and at last she slept. She woke with a start; a gray light was struggling through the window, and from the bed Anita was staring at her harshly, accusingly. Barbara went to her.

"Do you want anything, sister Anita?"

"You've lied to me," Anita said. "I know it now. You never went to Charlottesville."

"You don't know what you're saying, sister Anita. It's time for your medicine."

Barbara prepared a fresh drink and carried it to Anita. She lifted the inert little figure against the pillows. Anita thrust away the glass.

"Liar! oh, liar!" she cried.

Her eyes contracted and stared, foam came upon her lips, and she fell to one side, rigid, unconscious. Barbara laid her upon the pillows and then ran downstairs, calling to Thornton. He was at the door when she reached it.

"It's Anita," she gasped; "the doctor; go for Dr. Lewis. Saddle Kirby yourself, and go."

SHE ran toward the servants' quarters, and, calling Sissy, ordered her to bring hot water and flannels. Then she hurried back to Anita. She wrung her hands over that unconscious figure. Oh, if she had only gone for Marshall; then her skirts would have been clear.

She heard Kirby's hoofbeats sounding down the drive. Sissy came lumbering up the stairs with hot water. The two applied the remedies, but Anita's eyes remained closed, and her breathing came uncertainly. Sissy went downstairs for hartshorn, while Barbara worked feverishly to revive the sick woman. The minutes dragged by; the gray light changed to rose, and day came. At last came again the sound of hoofbeats. Then Thornton entered.

"The doctor is coming as quickly as he can; I should think he'd be here in ten minutes. Can I do anything?"

"No; go down and see that Sissy gives you some breakfast; nothing can be done till Dr. Lewis gets here."

"I'll send Sissy up with some coffee for you," Thornton said.

When he had gone, Barbara returned to her seat by the bed. Slow tears rose in her eyes and fell heavily upon her cheeks. She could not remember when she had wept before; and not so long ago she had said that she could never weep again. For the first time she saw fully the pathos of her sister-in-law's embittered life, knew the anguish that she must have suffered at losing her husband.

"Oh," cried Barbara in self-abasement, "I thought I was admirable enough to have given her the promise of my life to be at her bidding, and to have endured in silence all she said. But I've been ready ever since the summer to break that promise, to seize my own happiness. I haven't faced it before, but that's what I meant all the time—somehow to have my own happiness. And when she was helpless, quite in my power, I was all but ready to make her leave her property where she didn't want to."

The sun filtered in through the half-drawn blinds and touched Anita's face. Barbara went to the window to adjust them. When she turned back, Anita was looking at her.

"Call Gilbert. Is Gilbert here?" Anita whispered.

"No, dear," Barbara said, her tears again rising.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," Anita said wearily. "I reckon I've been right sick."

"You'll be better soon," Barbara said.

"I sent you for Mr. Marshall. Is he here yet?"

"I'll go and telephone to him now to come," Barbara said.

"Don't leave me. Let some one else go."

Anita's voice was gentle. Barbara went into the hall. Thornton was coming up the stairs with a cup of coffee for her. She took it and said brokenly:

"Please go and telephone for Mr. Marshall. Sister Anita wants him at once to change her will. Tell him what it's for and how sick she is."

She went back to Anita, mechanically drinking the coffee as she walked. Then she set the coffee outside the door, lest Anita might reproach her for considering her own comfort. But she need not have feared. Anita was looking at her without enmity.

"I reckon I'm mighty sick," she said.

"The doctor's coming—I can hear the wheels on the drive now," Barbara said. "You'll be better soon."

"What were you crying about, Barbara?" Anita asked.

"Oh, I reckon I was thinking that your life's been so hard and that I might have been kinder," Barbara said mournfully.

Anita was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"I'll tell you now, Barbara. I never meant to leave Grassmere either to Stephen or to Alison Peters. I meant at the end to leave it to you. I couldn't face Gilbert otherwise. I reckon if there was no hereafter," she added honestly, "that I'd see you didn't get it, for I certainly don't like you. But I hope to meet Gilbert, and maybe if I've given you Grassmere, he—well—" she ended weakly.

Barbara turned her back upon Anita and opened the door for the doctor. The irony of her situation seemed more than she could bear. The little man entered and went to the bed. Barbara knew by the sudden straightening of his spine that he was alarmed at Anita's condition. He made a brief examination, and then Barbara saw him taking out his hypodermic syringe. Anita closed her eyes and the doctor said to Barbara gravely:

"You'd better get that nurse Mrs. Langrel had. I saw her in the village as I drove by."

"Is there—danger?" whispered Barbara.

"She's a mighty sick woman, Miss Barbara. You certainly ought to have a telephone in this house."

"When you've done all you can for her, you must have breakfast," Barbara said, with mechanical hospitality.

She sat down again beside her sister-in-law, her hands trembling, her brain numb. Sissy came in with a tray of food for her, but she could not eat. She heard the sound of a dogcart on the drive and guessed that Thornton had gone for the nurse. The doctor came in and took the chair opposite her. His look of professional gravity did not mollify the expression he conveyed of having completely satisfied his appetite. He laid his watch upon the table, and Barbara's mind mechanically ticked off the seconds, until the noise seemed unbearably loud. The dogcart



A speculative look crossed Thornton's face. "I never thought of that," he said

came back, and soon the nurse entered, already in her uniform, and already with the air of taking possession of the sick room. Once or twice Anita opened her eyes and smiled.

Toward noon Marshall arrived. Barbara asked Dr. Lewis to speak to him. She would let things take their course; no decision concerning Anita should she ever again hold in her own hands. If Hare came—if he asked her to go to California with him, Anita should decide. The doctor returned and said that Marshall would stay to dinner. That meant, Barbara took it, that Anita would probably be stronger. Sissy announced the meal, and she went down to serve the three men. Marshall remarked that he had been out of town all night and had returned not five minutes before Thornton had telephoned to him. Barbara gave a sigh of relief at this. Even if she had gone to Charlottesville the night before, she would not have found him. Afterward the men went with their cigars into Gilbert's old smoking room, and she returned to Anita.

The nurse was bending over Anita. As Barbara approached the bed, Anita opened her eyes and said in a clear, full tone:

"Babbie, I can see Gilbert."

"Call the doctor, Mrs. Rhodes," cried the nurse.

Barbara ran from the room, calling at the top of her voice, because instinctively she knew that nothing she did could ever again irritate Anita, that no sound would ever alarm those still ears. The doctor ran upstairs, and as she watched him she noticed that he set his feet sideways like a duck. She stared after him; then she knew that some one was taking her downstairs. She looked into Thornton's face and heard herself saying:

"Is that three people whose deaths are due to me?"

She found herself in the library, Thornton holding her hands. They both waited, their ears keen for any sound from upstairs. The door swung open and Dr. Lewis came in, somehow with the effect of baring his head. "It's all over," he said.

BARBARA moved away from Thornton, and, sitting down at Gilbert's desk, leaned her head on her hands. For a few moments she continued to be dazed with the shock of her sister-in-law's death. Then her mind suddenly cleared. Her first feeling was one of immense thankfulness that Anita's will had not been changed, that Thornton was still to have Grassmere. She had been guilty in effect of robbing Anita of her own property; nothing but the accident of the lawyer's absence and of Anita's real intention saved her.

Then Barbara found herself opening Gilbert's desk and writing. She put down Annie Bestor's name and address and ten words; "If you are serious, I accept offer. Telegraph. Letter follows." She glanced up; the doctor had gone and Thornton was standing at the table, looking gravely at her. Barbara gasped; she had realized that she was free, and she had chosen what she would do with her freedom. All her fine offers to help Thornton had come to nothing. She was going to Hare, to stand the test of making herself a part of his daily life, to win him back.

"Stephen," she said unsteadily, "you'll be driving to the village directly to—to attend to things. I want you to send this telegram. Read it."

He took it from her and read, making no comment.

"I've got to go," Barbara said. "Anita has left you Grassmere, as Miss Streeter has probably told you—"

"Anita left me Grassmere! Lucia told me!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't she tell you? Didn't you know?"

"But no! But of course I won't take Grassmere—"

"You must! It's my expiation. I will tell you why presently; you must stay here; you must finish your work in medical school and practice here. Build over in that way, Stephen."

A grave, speculative look crossed Thornton's face. "I never thought of that," he said slowly.

"Think of it now," Barbara said. "Think of it, and forget how I'm failing you. Stephen, I've got to go! I'm desperate!"





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"I know," he said gently. "I understand, Barbara. You're not failing me. People have to do what they have to do. We'll talk of Grassmere later."

"I'm wrong to go," she said desperately. "Stephen, something tells me—Oh, but I can't explain; you wouldn't understand. Only I'm committed. I've started on a certain course, and I've got to see it through. It would be like pushing a horse off the track before he was in sight of the winning post. It's the first time I've been free. Anita's dead. I—I can't stay now. I've got to try."

She was holding out her shaking hands toward him, her face white and her eyes lackluster.

"I'll send the telegram at once," Thornton said in a grave tone. "Perhaps it is not the time to talk of what is wise or right. Do what you must and remember that you haven't failed me—you couldn't fail me any more than I could fail you."

THE train was within a few miles of Los Angeles, carrying Barbara to her love and, she believed, to happiness. She had written him a brief letter telling him of her sister-in-law's death and of Annie Bestor's offer of a position which she was accepting, among other reasons, because she must get away from all old associations. She had asked him to meet her at some point outside the city. She thought he would probably choose the second station out, but she was looking for him when she had still a hundred miles to travel. Yet everytime the train drew to a stop, she resolutely picked up a magazine, so that she might not seem to be waiting for him. Thus it was that when she heard his footsteps in the aisle she did not turn. It was only when he sat down beside her that she looked up. In a flash she saw his handsome, welcoming face; then, impulsively, he kissed her.

"Oh, are you glad?" she whispered. "Yes, dear; and so sorry for all you have been through."

"It doesn't matter now. And I couldn't wish to have poor Anita back."

Barbara spoke with a sense of great peace. She realized that her belief that she was going to him for her happiness and his had been reinforced by a determination to fight, if necessary, for that happiness. Now, she thought, there would be no need of a struggle.

"Your letter was very short," he said.

"Oh, I was so busy," she replied.

It struck her that even the shortest of all her letters was longer than any he had ever written her. But she pushed aside that criticism and began to tell him the details of Anita's last illness and death.

"I suppose Miss Bestor will meet you?" he said when they were drawing into Los Angeles.

"No, she expects me on a later train. I wanted a few hours in which to consider where I was going to live."

"I was pretty sure you wouldn't make any effort to live in her house," Hare said, smiling.

"With a regiment of romantic girls watching you come and go?" she replied, her eyes lowered. "Besides, Miss Bestor told me that the history teacher whose place I am taking lived outside and that there is no room for me in the house."

"You knew I'd see after that, didn't you?" Hare said. "I've a list of possibilities, and I've been selfish enough to choose those to which I could get most easily from Pasadena. We'll look them over."

IT was good to be taken care of again, Barbara thought as she followed him through the railway station, and into a cab. They spent an hour making a selection, settling at last upon a place which Hare said had been prepared by Providence. It was a suite of two rooms on the second floor of a house originally divided into apartments. While it had the ordinary indoor approaches, it could be reached from without by a flight of stairs at the side of the house, opening upon a little porch which in turn led to the sitting room. The other suite on the floor was occupied by two young women who taught in a night school. The landlady, a kindly looking woman, was rather deaf. If anything, the place was too much secluded, too definitely like a secret rendezvous. With inner embarrassment Barbara agreed with Hare that it could not be improved upon. He did not stay.

"Better not," he said, "I'll go now and have your trunk sent over. I'll come to-morrow evening. Meanwhile, you rest and unpack, and make the place look like—you!"

THEIR eyes met softly. He shook hands and followed the landlady, who was lingering on the stairs. Barbara, her face tender, went into the little bedroom and unpacked her bag. An hour later, refreshed and rested, she took her way to Annie Bestor's school. It was a long stucco building, well designed, and set in the midst of beautifully laid out grounds. Yet to Barbara, used to the flavor of traditional studiousness carried in the atmosphere of the old red-brick academy in Charlottesville, this building seemed designed for play rather than for work.

She was shown at once into Annie Bestor's study.

"But what does this mean, my dear?" said Annie Bestor, kissing her. "I was just about to go and meet you."

"I know," Barbara replied, "but when I found I could get off earlier I decided to come straight ahead, settle in my rooms, and then appear demurely at your school like any other teacher."

Annie Bestor frowned slightly. "But, my dear, of course I meant to see about rooms for you. Already I've spoken to two or three friends."

"I'm so sorry," Barbara said. "I ought to have written to you not to take any trouble for me."

"Well, now you're here, you'll stay to dinner, and meet the house teachers and look the girls over."

Annie Bestor's manner was not quite what it had been in the mountains. She was still cheery and outgoing, but a little of her holiday spirit had departed, and was superseded by a workaday air. Her tone was a trifle more authoritative. Barbara was still her dear friend, but she was also her paid teacher.

"I don't want to hurry you," she said, "and I do so appreciate your coming so quickly. But if you could begin to teach to-morrow, it would be a God-send to me. We've been holding tests in history for two days, since the other woman's been gone. She wouldn't wait for you, because she said she had so much shopping to do for her trousseau. I'm the least bit tired of having people use my school as a stop-gap until they can get married."

Barbara answered that she could begin work at once. But Annie Bestor's words made her feel rather guilty. For what was she herself doing but using the school as a means to matrimony? She reflected that the human tendency to make for any port in a storm sometimes worked hardship to the port.

THOUGH the next few hours were very full of pedagogical matters, they went slowly. But at last the time was at hand when Hare would come. Every step in the street set her heart beating. When she heard him ascending the flight of stairs outside the balcony her senses swam. She threw wide the door, and stood with arms outstretched. Hare caught her to him in a close embrace.

"It's been a long day, dear," he whispered.

"Oh," cried Barbara, half laughing, half weeping, "do you love me as well as you did yesterday?"

"Better, sweetheart," he said.

They sat down, hands clasped, and Hare looked about the little welcoming room.

"Is it like home?" she asked yearningly.

"It's very sweet," he replied.

Barbara felt dashed.

"Tell me about your day," she said. "Tell me about your mother. Does she know I'm here?"

"Yes," he replied, hesitatingly.

"I'll go to see her," Barbara said quickly; "I couldn't expect her to come here."

"She'll be glad to see you," he said mechanically. Then he added in a different tone: "I've told Mrs. Farley you're coming, and she's going to call in a day or two. She wants you for dinner on Sunday, so I warn you now to keep the day open. She'll ask me, too."

"I'd like to go, especially if you are to be there," Barbara said. "I want to meet her husband and children."

"Farley's a fine man," Hare responded.

The conversation was in danger of sailing away from himself and herself. Barbara raised his hand to her cheek



## Ladies:

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Men talk of the "good old boyhood days." But you couldn't drive them back to that crudeness and drudgery.

They surround with the same glamour the old home-style baked beans. But in their clubs and their restaurants, all over the country, they are eating Van Camp's today.

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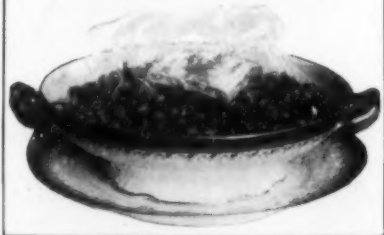
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and leaned against it with a charming gesture.

"Are you truly, truly glad to see me, Leonard?" she murmured wooingly.

"It's been a great help to have you come, Barbara," he replied gravely. "I feel better since yesterday. But there is something I must tell you."

Her heart contracted, but she faced him with a brave smile.

"What is it?"

"Whatever the future brings to us, and I have hopes still that it will bring us each other—yet I know that I shall never be one of the great lovers."

Barbara was silent, relieved, and yet chilled.

"It's not in me, Barbara. I seem to be different from other men, made on a colder, more businesslike plan, liking a kind of prosaic perfection, without much emotion in it, wanting the commonplace of life to be carried through calmly, charmingly—a creature of habit—"

IT was unfortunate for Barbara that she had the idea of pursuit so thoroughly interwoven with her consciousness. She had not had sufficient experience of life to know that a sincere passivity in all emotional matters is a woman's surest safeguard. In letting herself love Hare before she was certain he loved her, she had laid herself open to an emotional risk, bound to engender other dangers of feeling. With a pitiable, unconscious egotism she had opposed a world-old chapter in the reading of man's nature. She said what, to make for her safety, Hare should have said.

"Leonard, you shall have the habit of me. If—if it comes out the way we want it to, we'll each love as well as we can and never wonder which is doing the more loving."

"You're very brave, Barbara," he said, touched, and he kissed her hand softly.

"But—in the mountains you seemed—" she came to a pause.

"Yes," he told her; "the Sierras always have stimulated me, raised me to the nth power, given me an enthusiasm not my own. I think I told you something like that before."

Barbara was struggling in the chill of disappointment.

"Your first letters were very—ardent," she returned.

"Yes, for I still felt the spell of your nearness. But pretty soon I dropped into my old habits, saw my old friends. You didn't seem to be part of it except on the days your letter came, and the day after."

FOR a moment Barbara's pride came to her rescue, and she was minded to say to him coldly that they had better consider their experiment concluded. But her heart betrayed her. She did not even ask him if he thought it was useless to go on, but she said, trying to speak in a practical tone:

"My dear, your letters were all they should have been till you had that operation. Then they were different. If I'd been here to take care of you—"

He interrupted her with a shake of the head.

"You'll feel differently when you've been with me for a while," Barbara went on cheerfully. Then she leaned toward him, with an adorable gesture. "Dear," she added. "What you and I want is so sweet, so rare, such a chance for us both, that I don't think we ought to give up the hope of it. We ought to take advantage of our opportunity to lure it to us. You have told me to trust the future, won't you trust it too? Put your hands in mine, and say: 'Dear, I love you, and have faith to love you more.'"

Hare touched her hands reverently with his lips. "Oh, Barbara," he said, "you are so good, so generous. Dear lit-

tle one, I love you, and have faith to love you more."

He said "dear little one" and not "dear little love," but it was better than "dear." Barbara lifted shining, courageous eyes to his. Hare caught her to him.

"It must come right," he cried, kissing her tenderly.

THE next afternoon, when Barbara returned from her school, she found Helen Farley waiting for her in the little sitting room. For a moment Barbara had a fleeting sense of having been intruded upon. She had the impression that Helen had been waiting for some time and had been keenly appraising this little room which already carried its atmosphere, already showed Barbara Rhodes more intimately to the caller than any of Barbara's words had ever done.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rhodes?" Helen said, in her sweet, monotonous voice. "I asked to wait downstairs, but your landlady has callers of her own, and so I was shown up here."

"I am glad to see you," Barbara said. "It's very nice of you to come all the way from Pasadena so soon."

"But we're going to be great friends," Helen told her; "so why not begin at once? Somehow I had a feeling that you'd come back here; I suppose because Miss Bestor was so anxious to have you in her school. She generally gets her own way."

"It's a delightful school," Barbara said, "and I'm glad I came."

She wondered if she and Helen would always talk meaningless surface

phrases, and would always give each other the impression of a determination never to let down the guard. Helen offered conventional condolences about Anita's death, to which Barbara suitably responded. Then she led the talk to Helen's children.

"Oh, they are dears," Helen said, her low voice rising in cadence; "a boy, and three girls. The boy looks like his father, but he's got my temperament, which isn't of the least use to a boy. The little girls look like me, but they've got their father's temperament, which is far more suitable to a boy than to girls. They're fearfully lively, and I still have a nurse. They go to school in the morning, but they keep her rushing every afternoon except Wednesday, when they attend the dancing academy. That's my one day of peace, Wednesday. I look forward to it all the week."

Barbara was sympathetic and interested.

Helen seemed really happy in talking about her children, and Barbara wanted to believe her a happy woman. When Helen rose she gave the invitation for Sunday, which Barbara accepted.

"We really must be friends," Helen said at the head of the stairs. "Telephone me sometimes, will you not?"

"I'll be glad to," Barbara responded. "I've a free hour, between twelve and twelve-thirty—"

"Oh, not then," interrupted Helen, quickly; "that's my one busy hour."

"Some other time, then," Barbara said.

THE next day, when Barbara and Annie Bestor were having a cup of tea together at the close of the school day, Barbara mentioned that Helen had called upon her.

"Evidently she's tremendously interested in you," said Annie Bestor with a cryptic smile, "or she'd never have given up her Thursday afternoon."

"What happens on Thursday," Barbara asked.

"She and Dr. Hare play tennis on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the club; I believe two other people play with them. At any rate, you'd suppose to

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The first, strength with reduced weight, spells *Economy*.

The second, high speed motor with great power to drive it, of course spells *Economy*.

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**Oakland Motor Company**  
Pontiac, Michigan

# Oakland

## Fours and Sixes



"Sturdy as the Oak"

hear them talk about it that their game was some sacred rite that could not possibly be omitted without injuring their physical and spiritual health."

"Leonard has always said that he was a creature of habit," Barbara remarked.

"Yes, I think he is," agreed Annie Bestor. "He is a man with a wide circle of acquaintances, but just a few friends whom he sees over and over again. I dare say one gets more out of life from such an arrangement, and Leonard Hare has always struck me as getting the most possible out of life, and taking the fewest possible chances."

Barbara went back to her rooms rather depressed. It was true that Hare in general took few chances. That reflection ought to mean, then, that in this emotional experiment of theirs he was scarcely taking a chance; he was playing for something—that was almost a certainty. Yet she saw more clearly than ever that if it turned out badly, Hare would still have the resource of his intimate little circle, and his work. Ah, if any one paid, she knew which one it would be.

"Can it be?" she thought, uncomfortably, "that I'm only going to be happy when I'm with him, and that these miserable doubts will rise whenever we are parted? Oh, if it were only the beginning of the summer again!"

BUT what she meant by that wish she did not ask herself. After dinner she put on a white gown and the blue beads he liked, and waited for him with pensive face. Yet when she heard his step on the stairs, happiness sprang into her heart, and a myriad of torches glowed behind her eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm very early," he said; "but I couldn't help that."

"That's one thing you need never avoid," she replied in a tone that was almost a carol; "you could never come too early."

"Had any other callers since I was here?" he asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Farley was here yesterday," she said. "She told you?"

"She telephoned me; I haven't seen her since Wednesday!"

"She's awfully nice," Barbara remarked. She nestled beside him, and ventured a question.

"How often do you see her in the week, Leonard?"

He hesitated for a moment; then conquered his brief reluctance, and replied: "Generally twice a week, Wednesday afternoons, and pretty nearly all day Sunday."

Barbara was silent. Evidently he did not count the Monday and Thursday tennis games, because then he was not alone with her. Sundays he probably saw as much of her husband and children as he did of her, but Wednesday he was alone with her, for that was the day her children were out of the way, the day she had said she looked forward to. Four times a week seemed very often to Barbara; Hare did not appear to be planning to come to her oftener than that.

"I see her in between times, too," Hare went on in a precise voice, "for we know the same group of people, and do the same things. But I call at the house only twice a week."

"She's worth it," Barbara said. "But I don't think," he went on, "that I'll be able to spend my full Sundays there after this."

Barbara smiled at him. "Do you know," she said, "that I nearly called you up during my free hour yesterday, between twelve and half past—"

"That's a bad time to telephone me," he said abruptly.

Barbara recalled acutely that Helen Farley had interrupted her in the same hasty manner to say that she was not free at that hour. Did they telephone to each other every day? And, to face the question at last, did Helen love him, or was she merely one of these married women interested in masculine society, and pleased with the particular admiration of some attractive bachelor? She remembered that Annie Bestor had said that Helen and her husband had not one idea in common.

"After all, I'd nothing to say that I can't say now," she murmured.

THE dinner at the Farleys was not an experience Barbara entirely enjoyed. She liked their beautiful house of redwood, weathered to a soft shade, and she was interested in seeing that Helen's exquisite drawing room had been designed not for itself, but as a

background for its mistress. Farley was quite what Annie Bestor had led her to expect, a man who mingled the commonplace and power. His personality was without charm, and his ideas were conventional and unilluminated; his implication of power lay in the fact that he was the head of a large business corporation which made money. He had seen a public need; and had exploited it along well-worn lines. Barbara realized that he could give his wife only money, but she asked herself, a bit cynically, where Helen Farley's charm would be without that money.

THE children were good-looking and well-mannered. Altogether it was a delightful family, and they showed Barbara true Californian hospitality. At first she felt free of spirit but as the dinner progressed, that sense of restraint came over her which she had learned to recognize as the precursor of jealousy. Hare was taking as much pains to call her "Barbara" as he was to call Helen "Mrs. Farley." She did not like that. His tie with her was closer, of course, but Farley and his wife were not supposed to know that. Was not her Christian name being used to convince Farley?

Even after they took their leave, and Barbara had Hare to herself, she was vaguely disquieted by the trend of their conversation. She said to him that beautiful as the Farley house was, she did not like it so well as she did Grassmere.

"Nor I," he said. "I have always liked Grassmere better than any other house I've ever seen. If all goes well with us, when we're old, let us go back there."

"Oh, if we could," she said. "Perhaps Stephen will sell it to us."

She felt his arm stiffen.

"You—what did you say, Barbara?" he asked.

"Is it possible you haven't understood that Anita left Grassmere to Stephen?" she cried.

"You didn't tell me," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry you are to lose it."

"Oh, my dear, if the stars come back to us, what does it matter?" she whispered.

"It doesn't, of course, to me. But that place should have been yours."

Something in his tone vaguely disturbed her. But then, she reminded herself, she had been upset all afternoon. She began to talk of Thornton and his lawsuit, ashamed that she had forgotten to speak of him, in her absorption of her own affairs. She dwelt indignantly on the fact that Lucia Streeter had jilted him. "So that's why she's coming back," Hare said. "I wondered. I thought she'd make her father stay there till the marriage. I had a note from her to-day."

During the days that followed Barbara knew more pain than joy. There were hours when she felt that Hare's critical mind held dominion over his heart. He was not making the progress in love that she expected. She tried to absorb herself in her school work, and she wrote long letters to Thornton, wanting, so far as she could, to atone for what she considered her desertion of him. He wrote that he had paid his false debt to Langrel, was living in Grassmere until she should want it, for he meant it to be hers; and was reading hard at his medical textbooks. He had made arrangements to go back to medical school and graduate with the current class.

ONE day she called on Hare's mother. Mrs. Hare kept her waiting for a little while in the drawing room which Barbara felt had been furnished according to Helen Farley's taste. Mrs. Hare came in with her usual little fluttering cough, her listening eyes and her air of having her hand at her mouth in frightened fashion. Barbara went toward her with a protecting rush of pity. This was still the sad, alarmed little creature who had fought all her life to save to respectability the husband whom she loved, and of whom she was ashamed.

"I beg your pardon," Barbara cried, taking Mrs. Hare's hands in hers. "I was so preoccupied in looking at this attractive room that I didn't hear you come in. It's very charming, don't you think so?"

"It's mighty pretty," Mrs. Hare said. "I'm used to it now, but at first I missed my own things. Sit down again, Miss Barbara. It certainly is good of you to come and see an old woman like me."

Mrs. Hare's manner was rather that of a social inferior addressing a Lady



Bountiful. The time was when Barbara had unquestioningly accepted the attitude, but now it embarrassed her. She saw that talking about the old places and people in Albemarle County only intensified it, and she led the talk to Hare and his achievements. "At first Mrs. Hare acted as if Barbara was conferring a favor on her son by noticing that he had risen in the world. But Barbara would have none of that."

"I'm so proud to be his friend," she said. "No young man in Albemarle County has accomplished what he has. And he is modest about it all."

She said more of the same sort of thing, until Mrs. Hare forgot herself in her pride in her son. She topped all Barbara's praises.

"He's so good to me," she said humbly; "he ain't never going to be ashamed of his old mother. There was a time, Miss Barbara, when I was mighty feared of that. It would have been natural enough, considering how far he has gone beyond me."

"It would never be natural for him," Barbara replied warmly. "He is proud of you, as he has every reason to be."

"Oh, I ain't nothing," the mother replied. "All I've ever done was to work as hard as I could for him, and now he works hard for me."

Ah, no, he worked hard for himself, and allowed her to share in the results; Barbara knew that there was no comparison in the service of the two.

"I never was at ease about it," Mrs. Hare went on, "till I came here. I

never could seem to believe that all his fine friends would be kind to me, too. "Now and then, before I came out, Mrs. Farley used to send me little things, but I always thought he got her to do it. I was always expecting his fine friends would get him away from me. It just seemed to me that when he'd left home, I'd lost him."

"But you know that you never can," Barbara murmured.

MRS. HARE was launched on the full tide of emotional reminiscence.

"Then I was always afraid he'd marry some girl that would take him away. Leonard never was one to confide, but he'd sometimes tell me his plans. I tried to think I wanted him to fall in love for his own happiness, but all the time I was feared that when he did I'd lose him. The time he told he was going to ask that rich girl to marry him I had to live on my knees to get the strength to bear it. I reckon it was wrong in me, but I was glad when she refused him. 'Tain't wise for a man raised poor to marry a rich girl."

Barbara's heart grew cold and heavy. Her chill seemed to have communicated itself to Mrs. Hare, who started, and looked guilty. "I reckon I've run on too much," she said hastily. "But you are from home, and talking to you this afternoon seemed like talking to myself, Miss Barbara."

"I like to hear about Leonard," said Barbara lamely.

(To be Continued Next Week)

## Lloyd-George Counts the Cost

(Continued from page 6)

What is the satisfaction? Oh, it killed two hundred Boers—fathers of families, sons of mothers, who wept for them. Are you satisfied to give your old-age pensions for that?"

And when in the mid-war elections he addressed the supposedly "weak spot" in his constituency, Nevins, where there was strong resentment against his "unpatriotic" stand, he said:

"Five years ago the electors of Carnarvon Boroughs handed me a strip of blue paper, the certificate of my election, to hand to the Speaker as their accredited representative. If I never again represent Carnarvon Boroughs in the House of Commons, I shall at least have the satisfaction of handing back to them that blue paper with no stain of human blood upon it."

I was fully aware that the purely chivalrous motives of Great Britain in this war were not everywhere accepted; so I asked if opportunism did not play some part in the decision—if it was not deemed expedient to "take on" Germany when Russia and France were sure to lend a mailed fist.

"It is as difficult to measure the motives of nations as it is of individuals," answered the Chancellor. "I know it is part of the German policy to represent our interference as a calculated move of selfish craft to capture the trade and shipping of a dangerous rival, and to annex colonies whose prosperity had excited our greed. But this I know is true—after the guarantee given that the German fleet would not attack the coast of France or annex any French territory, I would not have been a party to a declaration of war, had Belgium not been invaded, and I think I can say the same thing for most, if not all, of my colleagues."

### Germany's Gravest Error

"If Germany had been wise," continued Mr. Lloyd-George, "she would not have set foot on Belgian soil. The Liberal Government, then, would not have intervened. Germany made a grave mistake."

Which is among the most interesting and important observations so far made upon the war by those who know.

"I do not like war," insisted the Chancellor; "but there is one thing about this war I like: we have entered into it with a perfectly clear conscience. We have nothing to gain, and I do not mind telling you I am glad of it. I should have been sorry to ask a nice, honest, upright lad to risk his life for the greed of gain. I could not have done it. My two boys are in the new army—two as nice boys as you will find in the world. And the Prime Minister's sons are going to the front. I am devoted to my boys. Do you think I would send them to risk their lives for low greed? No, I should be ashamed

of myself. But to fight for freedom, liberty, honor, and good will among nations, to fight to put an end to the intolerable tyranny of Prussian militarism, they are glad to go, and they have my blessing."

"Notwithstanding this spirit animating British volunteer soldiers," I interposed, "German critics persist in casting slurs upon England's 'hiring armies.' The truth is—"

"That our new army will be the most democratic and the most self-sacrificing that has ever rallied to a nation's colors," declared Mr. Lloyd-George. "You have been able to see in London, and in the country the enthusiastic movement which by voluntary enlistments for the duration of the war, without the constraint of conscription, has enabled us to assemble nearly a million and a half soldiers since August 2, and which system will shortly supply us with 2,500,000."

"And fine soldiers, verily! All the pick of the nation, the best and the bravest of all classes of society, intellectuals as well as workmen, rich as well as poor, the élite of our trade unionists as well as our most brilliant scholars of Oxford and Cambridge, the bench and bar as well as the shop, the factory as well as the club, have furnished these hundreds of thousands of vigorous young men of from twenty-one to thirty-six years with whom my colleague, Lord Kitchener, has formed his new army."

"Before the spring, 500,000 new soldiers, superb, magnificently trained, and full of enthusiasm, will have joined those who, side by side with the valiant sons of the French democracy, are struggling at the present time, from the Yser to Belfort, to bring about the end of Prussian militarism, and to establish the liberty of Europe and that of Germany herself. And this will continue unto the end, unto victory."

"Your revenue raising, as well as your new army, is democratic, isn't it?" I asked.

"Is democratic, and has been democratic ever since the Liberal Government took office. You have seen my new Budget? I did not hesitate to raise £40,000,000 by the income tax. I doubled the income tax, and unanimously it was passed by the House of Commons."

A short explanation: In England, on the principle laid down by Mr. Asquith when Chancellor of the Exchequer, a difference is made between earned and unearned income. Before the war the rate on unearned income was a shilling and three-pence per pound (roughly, 30 cents on every \$5). It is now a half crown; so that a man pays to the Government on unearned income, one-eighth! Besides, there is a supertax on all excess of income above £2,500. This, too, was doubled. Making the comparison, can you see our home-bred



### VELVET JOE TO SALESMEN

Quality's a right smart help—  
But goods can't "sell themselves";  
It takes some shore nuff sellin' talk  
To move 'em off the shelves.  
Jus' try to sell a dollar bill  
Marked down to forty-nine.  
The quality is thar. Yo' job's  
To prove it's geniwine.

VELVET'S got the quality all right, but how am I goin' to prove it to you unless you try it?

I can tell you about that aged-in-the-wood mellowness which makes VELVET the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. I can tell you about the tobacco taste of VELVET, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, and of its rich, fragrant, slow burning qualities. But I can't tell you so as you can taste.

All you ask of a customer is that he'll try yo' line. And I'm askin' you to try mine—VELVET.

I always like to add a travelin' man to my visitin' list. Because I'll bet thar ain't any class that are mo' willin' to give things a fair trial, an' for that reason, thar's no class o' men that are mo' regular VELVET smokers.

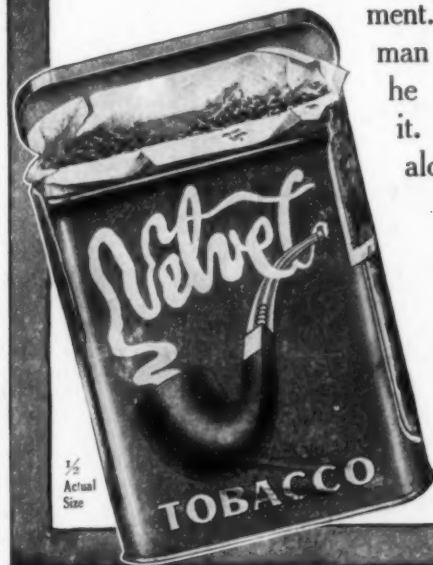
An' ev'rytime I see a salesman smokin' VELVET, I says to myself:

"Thar goes a livin', breathin', hustlin' VELVET advertisement." For ef a salesman finds a good thing, he ain't afraid to boost it. He likes to pass it along.

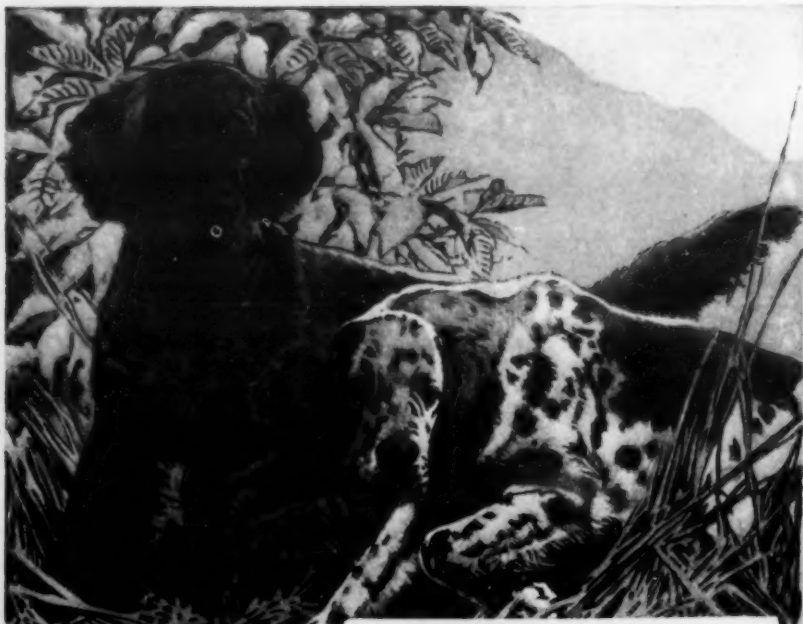
*Velvet Joe*

5c metal-lined bags  
10c tins  
One Pound Glass Humidors

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*  
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We've been asked many times why smokers never tire of MURADS.

It is because they are made of

17 DIFFERENT TURKISH TOBACCOS.

Each of these different Turkish varieties is famous for some delightful quality. One is mild—one rich—one full-bodied—one aromatic, and so on. They make MURAD the unvarying, different cigarette.

You can tire of one tobacco—you can't tire of 17 varieties skillfully combined. That's why you never tire of MURADS.

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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
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FIFTEEN CENTS

**MURAD**

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

100% PURE TURKISH TOBACCO

Everywhere—  
Why?

"The Rubbers of a Gentleman"



None  
Genuine  
Without This  
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Cord

Protect your feet with-  
out over heating them.

NOTE THIS—You can depend on the dealer who  
sells "EVERSTICK" to carry the best of everything

**EVERSTICK**  
INVISIBLE RUBBER

Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" for sale by discriminating Dealers

millionaires accept a levy like this without protest? Well, there has been no grumbling in England.

"And this is not, by any means, the full extent of our financial contribution," the Chancellor reminded me. "You must add to the great resources which we have at our disposal through the income tax the amount that our new loan—heavily oversubscribed, by the way—will give to the cause of Great Britain and her Allies. This amounts to considerably more than two billion dollars. In my judgment the last few hundred millions may win this war. The first hundred millions our enemies can stand as well as we can, but the last they cannot, thank God. I think, therefore, cash is going to count much more than people possibly imagine. Silver bullets! We have won with silver bullets before—we financed Europe in the greatest war we ever fought, and that is what won. Of course, British tenacity and British courage always contribute heavily, and always will, but British cash tells, too. When the enemy is absolutely exhausted financially, we shall be getting our second breath—'wind,' you call it—and our third, and our fourth, and we will spend our last before we are ever beaten."

"Of course it is bound to be a very costly war," I observed.

"The cost of no war has even approximated the cost of the present war," replied the Chancellor. "The largest amount spent by Great Britain on war in a single year before the present war was £71,000,000. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars cost in the aggregate £831,000,000; that war was spread over twenty years. The Crimean War cost £67,500,000; that was spread over three financial years. The Boer War cost £211,000,000; that was spread over four financial years. The first full year of this war will cost—cost Great Britain at least £450,000,000." (And don't forget, American reader, to multiply by five!)

"Almost half a billion pounds—two and a half billion dollars—shot away in one year," I remarked, "—gone up in smoke, wasted."

"No, not all," corrected the Chancellor. "We have at least 2,000,000 men serving the country under arms at the present time, and when the next million is fully enlisted, as I confidently anticipate it will be—and under voluntary service—in the course of the next few months there will be 3,000,000 men under arms. It is forgotten too often that in addition to a very considerable army we are maintaining a huge navy as well. The separation allowances [Husband going to the front agrees to give part of his pay to wife, and Government adds a tidy bit—the separation allowance], to our troops and to those serving in the navy are on a more liberal scale than those of any other country in the world. When the million new men are added to the army the separation allowances will cost all of £65,000,000—all to the families of men fighting for this country."

"And the end of it all?" I asked.

"A lasting peace, I hope and believe," said Mr. Lloyd-George. "Already I have told you that we have nothing to gain. I might modify that statement to this extent—that the war ought certainly to bring about a reduction in costly armaments—a reduction to Great Britain in her naval expenditure, provided this could be done without threatening the safety of the Empire. This would be a great gain of course."

"After the violation of the Belgian Treaty by Germany, after the willful disregard of the Hague Conventions by the Prussians, do you look for a permanent peace?" It was Lord Reading, not I, who asked the question, and there was little optimism in his tone of voice. Notwithstanding:

"I do," responded the Chancellor, decidedly. "I look for—I believe there will come peace predicated, first of all, on new geographical boundaries—boundaries based on national lines, on the will of the respective peoples; and secondly, on a mutual pledge of the signatories, not only to respect guaranteed neutrality, but to chastise the nation which offers to break the international compact."

*Lloyd-George, Insurgent*

THE shift from villain to hero on England's political stage is effected automatically by the alternating current of public opinion. The man bent on large success, whether representing

an English, Scotch, or Welsh constituency, has to have the power of constituting himself a storm center, of causing political controversy to rage about him personally, of making himself the hub round which warring factions revolve. No man in all England has this power to so great a degree as David Lloyd-George—for fifteen years the stormy petrel of British politics—the original insurgent!

Yet, three months after war began, by unanimous consent of the Commons, he doubled his Budget, the Lords agreeing, with scarcely a murmur from the Tories, and was acclaimed by foe as well as friend a truly great Chancellor of the Exchequer, worthy to follow Pitt, who found the money at the close of the eighteenth century, and Gladstone, who was Chancellor at the time of the Crimean War.

More than a "storm center" is Lloyd-George, as the working classes of England appreciate. Consistently he has had their support, for they believe what he believes—and translates into law. His land taxation, his robust part in the granting of old-age pensions, his insurance act, and his developing policy of freeing the land "shackled with the chains of feudalism"—all prove him a constructive statesman, and such he is accepted in America. Do you wonder I was curious, indeed eager, to meet "the little Welsh lawyer"?

### A Maker of Slogans

I TOOK my leave after our conversation, not unmoved by what the Chancellor of the Exchequer had said, and tremendously impressed with "the little Welsh lawyer." Since then I have thought much about him, recalled many things said for and against him, tried to size him up. Somehow, the net result clings about two incidents.

I happened to be a guest at a luncheon when Lloyd-George's Queen's Hall speech, "Honor and Dishonor," was talked over, picked to pieces. Discussion finally revolved about one sentence—"The Prussian junker is the road hog of Europe"—and opinions were freely expressed whether or not this simile was in good taste. I was told that the speech had been much discussed in high circles, and that aristocratic ladies strongly condemned the road-hog passage, deeming it horribly vulgar.

With difficulty I held my tongue; for, aside from the question of the appropriateness of the figure of speech, it appealed to me as a slogan—just as "silver bullets" appeals. Lloyd-George is the great slogan maker of Great Britain. Of all speakers in the Empire he has the punch.

But the upper-class English people don't care for punch. When Lloyd-George says of a Tory action: "It is like compounding a spree on a Saturday night by putting a threepenny bit in the plate on Sunday," they laugh, because they can't help it, but shake their heads afterward and murmur: "How vulgar!" They are slaves to rhetoric, these upper-class English. Instead of punch, they think to be statesmanlike a speaker must be ponderous, platitudinous, sonorous—capable only, as Lloyd-George said of a Tory opponent, "of rendering commonplaces harmless by making them uninteresting."

When a man is light of touch, witty, and a sure shot, he is, for some inexplicable reason, called shallow; doubtless because he is not dull and stodgy. Which brings me to the second instance.

In a Surrey town where I go to write these days there is a nice old fellow who lets out saddle horses. At one time he was a coachman attached to a great house, and from his Tory employer took his politics, as servants often do. To this day he votes against Liberal candidates. Conversing with him, I said that I had met Lloyd-George the day before. Immediately he was all attention. "A man of ability?" he asked.

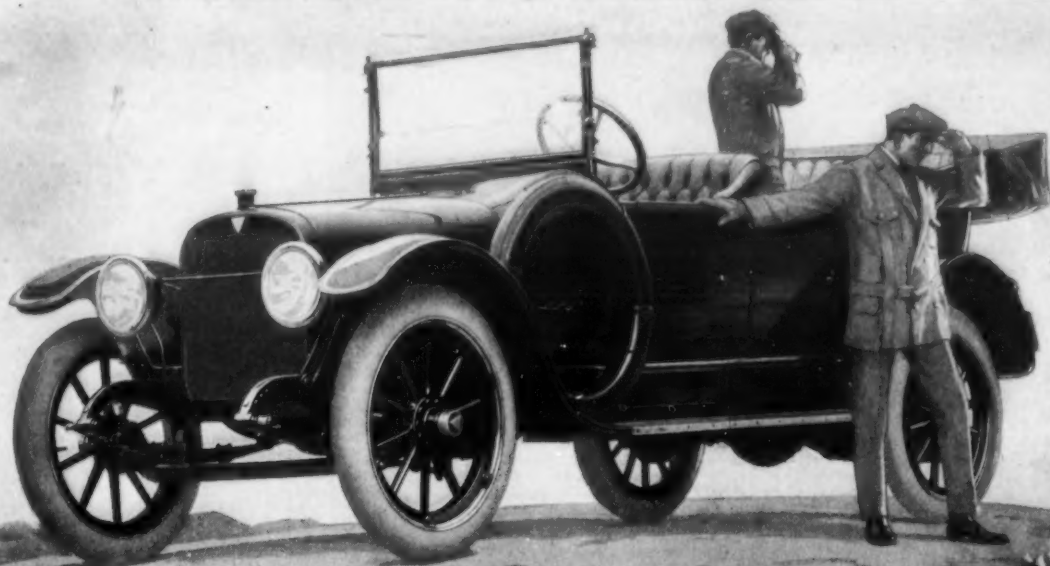
"Very able," I replied; "very impressive."

"I thought so," he said. "I am not of his politics, but I believe in him. His insurance act is a grand idea. At first it was not thought well of by some, but it is working fine, and will be a blessing to very many poor people. He must be very much of a man—Lloyd-George."

One could afford to be termed vulgar, even shallow, if one so surely could advance the common good. And uphold the small nationality!

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## The Hudson Stands at the Peak Place in Its Class

### It Took Four Years to Get There

Bear these things in mind when you come to choose among the 1915 models:

The HUDSON Six-40 was the pioneer in this popular Light Six type. It was started four years ago. And the foremost engineering corps in this industry has been working four years on it.

Every crudity has been eliminated. Every detail has been refined to the limit. You see here the result of development.

And this car has been driven, by 10,000 owners, perhaps 25 million miles. It has made its records on nearly every road. It has proved itself under every condition. All your questions about it—what it can do and what it can stand—have been answered countless times.

There are no theories today in this HUDSON Six-40. Every feature is a proved success.

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You can see for yourself its ultra-refinement, its beauty, its finish, its ideal equipment. The scales will tell its lightness. A ten-mile ride will show its perfect balance, its flexibility, its freedom from vibration.

But there remain these all-important questions: Is it competent to cope with difficult conditions? Is it sturdy, reliable, enduring? Is it economical of tires and gasoline?

Those are questions to be answered by experience. With the HUDSON Six-40 there are 10,000 men who know. There are 5000 last-year models running, and 5000 this-year models.

Wherever you are there are

owners to tell you that this car, in the points most important, excels any car they know.

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A vast number of new problems came up in creating this light, economical Six. This great saving in weight called for better materials, better engineering. It called for a new-type, high-speed motor to lessen engine shocks. Almost every detail of old-time cars had to be revised.

Such radical changes are risky until they are tested out. The best engineers make mistakes in them. This HUDSON Six-40 will appeal to the careful because it has met those tests.

This year, if you pay over \$1200, you are bound to want a Six. If you care to avoid waste and over-tax, you will want the modern Light Six.

A short time ago the HUDSON Six-40 was the one car of this type. Today there are many, due to Hudson success. The question is not Which type? It is Which car of this type has the best record behind it? Which is the safest investment? Which is the standard, the class car?

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7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1550 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price, \$2100, f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Four other styles of bodies.

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as the car is in service, we maintain our interest in the character of service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

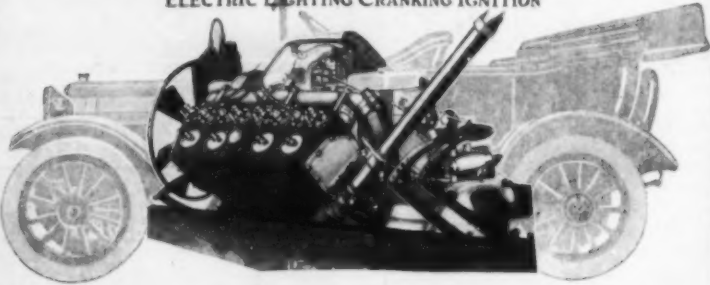
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

## HUDSON SIX-40 \$1550



# DELCO

ELECTRIC LIGHTING CRANKING IGNITION



## The Supreme Test of Delco Ignition

THE advent of the high speed eight-cylinder motor has called upon Delco ignition to perform feats heretofore believed impossible.

These engines frequently reach a speed of 3000 or more revolutions a minute.

That means 12000 sparks distributed among eight cylinders every sixty seconds.

Twelve thousand times every minute the contact points in the distributor head must open and close the electric circuit.

If you could see the twelve thousand jumps of high tension current you would say the flow of fire was continuous.

Yet each spark is absolutely distinct and separate, and is delivered on a time schedule that does not vary one ten-thousandth part of a second.

Never before has any ignition system been called upon to perform such a feat.

The eight-cylinder motors turning over 1500 to 2000 revolutions a minute are simple problems in comparison.

And yet this same Delco ignition—the ignition that has made possible the high speed eight, is

identical in every respect with the ignition that is used on every Delco equipped car.

The high speed eight is simply its supreme achievement.

Delco ignition insures a hot, constant spark in starting, in running at low speeds or in covering a mile a minute.

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Two hundred thousand Owners driving 200,000 Delco Equipped Cars, furnish world wide proof of Delco leadership

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

## The Baptism of Fire

(Continued from page 8)

comfortable. Then he uttered a grunt. "Lord lumme, some one here! What a blasted mess!" With infinite care we dragged out what a moment before had been a care-free, callous, cursing trooper. He was horribly smashed, and but for his identification disk we should scarcely have known who he was.

The subaltern stopped eating, his appetite gone. Surreptitiously he spat away a mouthful of half-chewed biscuit.

The afternoon grew worse. To one's own terror was added the hideous fear that a shell would fall among the already wounded men, crowding the little space behind the farmhouse.

The doctor suggested that if I could let him have a couple of men to direct those wounded men who could walk he would send them back to the Château of St. Marguerite, where the ambulances lay, three miles to the rear.

The lying-down cases, of course, could not be moved till darkness, for in "the civilized warfare" of to-day neither combatant allows the field ambulance to approach the firing line during daylight.

The afternoon wore on. Several of us busied ourselves with making hot tea for the wounded men. I had a few cubes of condensed soup in my pockets, and the pleasantest duty of the day was the distribution of some two quarts of steaming nourishment to those injured men who could swallow it.

Our poor doctor, who had been working at least forty-eight hours without cessation, refused to stop ministering to the wounded, although by now his work had been supplemented by the arrival of two infantry surgeons. One of the new medics noticed that our surgeon was in no condition to be on his feet. A temperature of 103 degrees was the record of the thermometer. Examination presently revealed a bullet wound.

Under cross-examination our little doctor admitted he had been hit three days before.

The sun was already getting low when through the woods there came, grumbling and blaspheming, two companies of infantry. In skirmishing order they passed through our dressing station.

Whether the sight of the wounded gave them added ginger, or whether by order, they suddenly increased their pace and doubled to the wood edge. "Fix bayonets and charge!" sounded. Without bugle or band, without a cheer, the Somersets advanced on the village. From the extreme right flank two machine guns spoke lustily and under that cover the gallant lads raced for the crossroads.

We could hear the cry raised by the enemy in the first trench as our infantry broke upon and over them.

### Tommy on the Job

THE British soldier works almost silently. The German shouts, sings, and blows a tin trumpet on beginning to advance. When a shell falls in a British trench, killing and maiming, or when a machine gun finds its range, there is silence in the British line. The Germans squeal when badly hit. Half an hour later batches of German prisoners began to arrive. The village was ours!

In the west an angry sun colored the landscape with its blood-red rays. After a final salvo of death-dealing shells in a final "good night," the batteries, one by one, ceased their din. From a meadow tortured and torn by shell fire there approached softly lowing cows, returning by habit to be milked at the now deserted farm. A trooper of bucolic training rounded them up and captured hot milk for the wounded men.

Suddenly the "fall-in" sounded. We were to be relieved. The infantry were to take over the whole line. The cavalry brigade were to return to billet.

Through the dark woods in clogging mud we marched back to our horses. Once clear of the woods our road was lighted by burning farmhouses. From flaming barns we heard the piteous lowing of imprisoned cattle or the frantic barking of chained dogs. A group of peasantry implored an officer to let them through our lines to tend their stock. One of them held an ill bandaged head with both hands. His brother had been killed by the last shell fired that day. At the convent on the hill we halted while sad-faced Sisters trooped out on to the road bearing beakers of coffee. The Mother Superior stood in the roadway as we marched away and blessed us with uplifted hand. A day later the convent was reduced to ashes. War is hell!



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## Davidson Creek

(Continued from page 13)

raw under the chafe of his rough garments, yet he set his lips and always came back for more torture when Hess was nearly spent.

Outremont had no one to spell him, because no woman could begin to take that rapid pace. He ran alone and bore the brunt of the strain. Only his enormous frame and bellowslike lungs made it possible. With the help of infrequent rests when their lead was safe he stuck to the furious drive, a feat that no other man of the thirty score could have accomplished. And none of these were called on to attempt it. They were musing in pairs, spelling each other at regular intervals. With this advantage they were gaining on the leaders, and Gayle knew the moment was approaching when he would have other things to do besides running. They were coming to the junction of Duncan Creek and the Mayo River, and, as the ex-marshal had prophesied, those in the rear by prolonged and continual spurts had gradually closed up on each other and were beginning to crowd.

WHEN they slewed round the turn and headed up the Mayo, Outremont stole a second to look at his watch.

"Nearly eleven o'clock!" he called to Hess.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Hess. "It was away after eight when we left. Your watch must be stopped. We ain't run them twenty-some miles in that time."

"Yes, we have," Gayle assured him. "My watch isn't stopped. We've run Duncan fast, but we'll run the Mayo faster. How far is it upriver, anyway, to the mouth of Davidson Creek?"

"How do I know? Five or six miles, mebber, or mebber more. I won't take my oath on it. I never surveyed it. But watch your eye there, Gayle. They're crowding thick out of the creek."

"Let them crowd!" chuckled Gayle, significantly.

He took from his pocket what seemed to be a coiled snake, but when he shook out the coils he held a spare dog whip in his hand.

The trail upriver was the trail to Mayo Bridge. It, too, was packed, and, lashed into the home stretch, the leading teams strained to their utmost. But the dogs behind, not hitherto driven to the limit, answered the challenge and came running strong. Gaunt, gray heads of huskies began to push up close to Outremont, and every time they pushed up, he slashed them over their noses. Whereat they shied, fell back, fouled other sleds, and spread general confusion.

For a mile or two this expedient served. The drivers reviled Outremont, their voices rising in a raucous babel as calamity overtook them and they were scattered this way and that upon the ice. Yet no matter how many sleds were delayed, more shot on to take their places.

In the next mile the whip alone could not keep them back. Gayle commenced tripping the lead dogs as he ran, kicking out with both legs so as to knock the beasts' feet from under them and pile them in a heap. The brutes all the while retaliated with savage snarls and snapping fangs.

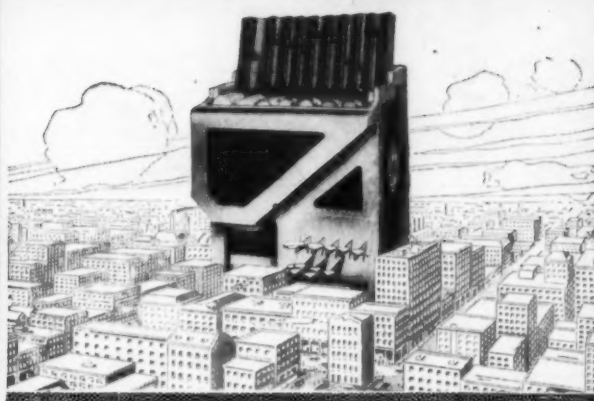
Outremont's German socks and mackinaw trousers were slashed to ribbons, and one vicious animal sank its jaws deep in his calf.

And in the last mile Gayle was battling with drivers as well as dogs. He held the strategic position, and he fought a glorious fight. The bitter whips writhed like black snakes round the parka hoods. Twice Tivoli Slavin, who had worked his way well up to the front, got him over the face, leaving white weals that looked like frostbite. In front of Outremont and almost under the running conflict, crouched Trudis, forcing on the weakening dogs. Thorpe's team was also weakening, and Cronin Hess had time to slip back and aid Gayle in a red-hot skirmish that threatened to end in a regular blockade.

BUT they broke free once more, and, making some headway, the ex-marshal ran by his partner's side.

"Gayle," he panted, "our dogs ain't going to last. I thought they would, but I sure see my mistake. The brutes are better bred, and they certainly stand grief, but they weren't as fresh at the start as them others. They're going to drop mighty soon. We got to fool those

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fellows somehow. We got to beat them some other way."

"But how?" groaned Outremont.

"I got a plan. I believe it'll sure work. You know that big dry cañon below Davidson on the left limit?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well, I'll head up it. They'll follow, and there'll be one splendidous mix-up. Then we'll quit the dogs, hike across the cañon and hit Davidson Creek while they're getting out of the tangle."

"Still, the point is: will they follow?" objected Gayle.

"They sure will. You've seen sheep? That's a stampede. Where one goes, they all go. They'll never have time to think it ain't the mouth of Davidson till it's all over."

"By the skin of Skookum Charlie, it's an awful chance to take!"

"It's the only chance. We lose if we run it out. Our dogs is done, I tell you. Guess I ought to know! Guess I ought to know, too, just where we made that moose-hunting camp where Thorpe plastered that pan. I can fetch it straight as a die from the edge of the cañon."

"Go on, then," assented Outremont, despairingly. "But if you miss it, Cronin, I'll roast you alive."

The ex-marshal sprinted on to his place again. Gayle saw him bend and give Thorpe the word. The latter whipped up his jaded huskies into a final spurt, and Trudis following suit, they opened out the necessary lead.

THE mob behind had gradually bunched closer and closer. The river widened here and let them up abreast. A weird-looking throng it was, giant fellows with parkas and mackinaws swathed in hoarfrost from the sweat of exertion running madly behind the sledges or lying upon them and flaying the steaming, slaving huskies. They jostled, tricked, and balked each other. It was no uncommon thing to see drivers reach out and clinch with each other when the sleds rushed side by side and go rolling on the ice. Time and again men lost their partners, but they promptly paired up with others in the same predicament who were boring wildly through the maze in an endeavor to locate former outfits. Always there were jams where the front outfits were recklessly overridden by those behind.

As they approached the vicinity of the cañon, which lay below their goal, the noise of the sledge runners became a thunderous booming. The drivers' shouts shook the air. The crackling whips spoke like pistols.

"Hey, there!" the great voice of Tivoli Slavin cried in the crush. "We're close on Davidson Creek. Light out in front! Mush, you leaden-footed ginks, or get out of the way and let some one mush that can mush! Hit her up, boys, every man for himself!"

And they came just like that, filling the Mayo River from bank to bank. The gods above seemed with Cronin Hess, for just as he and Thorpe reached the dry cañon the silver aurora darkened and the outline of the cañon's mouth grew vague and indistinct. Racing wildly, Thorpe swung his team up it. Outremont's team shot after, and without hesitation six hundred men and fifteen hundred dogs attempted to cram themselves all together into the cañon's narrow gap.

It was more than a wreck.

It was more than a catastrophe.

It was a cataclysm.

IN one huge, chaotic mass, men, dogs, and sleds piled up, inextricably tangled, hopelessly delayed. Demoniacal howls and shouts arose, and bitter blows were struck. The men's lurid gold lust changed to brutal anger as they struggled to get free. Friend struck friend in that fierce mêlée. As soon as a man stood up, he immediately went down again from a buffet behind.

Man fought man. Dog fought dog. The only variation they had was fighting each other. Great 150-pound Mackenzie River huskies were in the battle, wicked malemutes, vicious Siwash curs, murderous Siberian bear brutes, and many barbarous, unknown breeds.

"I told you they'd have a sweet time with them mongrels when things got crowded," grinned Hess, as the two leading outfits sped clear and whirled up the cañon bed. "Yonder's the notch on the rim where we'll cut through. Come on and climb! Leave the dogs where they are!"



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When the four sprang away from the sledges, both teams sank exhausted in the traces. Up the snow slope of the gulch they climbed and from its top looked back an instant. They saw the cañon's mouth still glutted with shaggy, slaving huskies and parka-clad bodies, wrenching and swaying, rising and falling. Man and wolf dog were one, struggling under the midnight stars, and over that primordial horde the aurora suddenly flamed again, this time with color, and swept its red scimitar across the sky.

ONLY one other sled had escaped the jam. Its driver was tearing furiously up the cañon's bed. He rolled off where the other teams lay and began to claw a path up the slope.

"That's Tivoli Slavin!" exclaimed Hess. "We better get a move on. The rest'll pull themselves apart, and they won't be far behind him."

He wheeled and led the race across the snows to the Davidson bench land. The bench land was exceedingly steep, and from its lip they slid floundering down to the creek side.

"There's them willows where we shoved the boat in to make camp on that moose hunt, Gayle!" the ex-marshal called. "The camp was just below."

"Yes," exulted Outremont, "we're plump onto it. Good boy, Cronin! You fetched it straight as a die. Look! Yonder are the poles where we hung the moose."

"And isn't that the back log of the fire?" demanded the sharp-eyed Trudis. "That black knot in the snow?"

"Sure is, Tru!" shouted Thorpe. "That's the spot. There's where I grabbed the muck by the fire to mend the pan, and there's where I stake Discovery."

He made a dash and scraped away the snow.

"Ashes!" he announced, splitting a slab from the back log with the ax which hung at his belt and driving it with ringing strokes. "This is the pay streak all right. Kick in below, boys. I'll pace it in half a jiffy."

"Stake Tru in next you," directed Hess. "Gayle and me'll get below and then we'll make the claims air-tight. We can back up any geezers as thinks they have options on them."

To accurately place the corner stakes marking the boundaries, Thorpe was kindling brush fires on the claims, when into the light of the fires Tivoli Slavin bolted down from the bench land.

Behind him on the steep of the cañon wall sounded the cries and the frenzied plunging of men.

"They're coming fast, but I beat them to it," panted Tivoli, greedily, as he wiped away the sweat. "Number Four for me, eh? Not so bad as it might have been!"

"Number Nothing!" Thorpe corrected, stepping quietly up to him. "This is a white man's creek, Tivoli, and no Siwash-souled renegade like you sits down with white men. You're not staking here."

"Like thunder I'm not!" snarled Tivoli. "Just you watch me."

He snatched the axe from his own belt and, rushing in next the ex-marshal's claim, started to drive his stakes in the creek side.

Thorpe was upon him as he knelt to the work, and a jolt of the youth's moccasined foot sent him rolling over the bank upon the ice.

Breathing loudly, Tivoli came clambering back. He leaped forward with primal ferocity and swung his ax with a force that threatened to split Thorpe's skull. Thorpe instinctively sidestepped, escaping so narrowly that the ax blade slit the shoulder of his parka. Then before Tivoli, swung slightly off his balance, could recover himself, Thorpe jumped in and landed a terrific blow on the point of Slavin's chin.

TIVOLI dropped like slag in the snow and did not stir.

Thorpe, rubbing his bruised knuckles, turned back to the others.

"I guess we're quits now," he smiled. "He cracked me on Duncan Creek. I cracked him here. He stuck me for thirty thousand on Duncan. I stuck him for thirty thousand here. Any of these claims is worth that, and he'll never get one. See the mob streaming over the cañon and rolling down the bench land? Tivoli'll never come to till things are staked to the sky line!"



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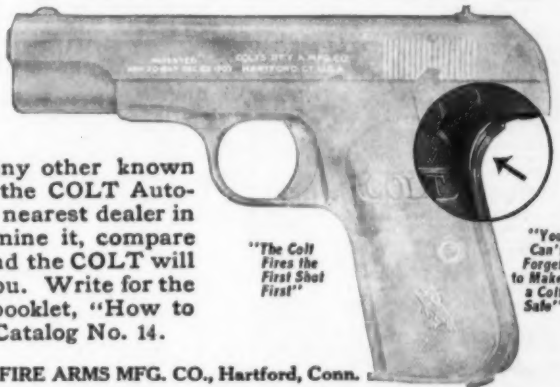
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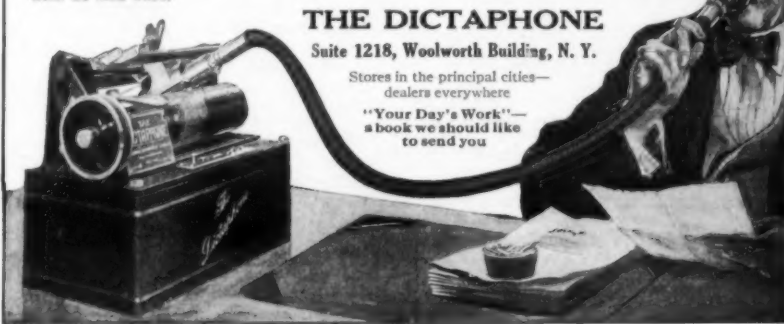
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## The Glory

(Continued from page 9)

draperies filled her with a sense of luxury; she gazed about her in a sort of awe.

"Tough, ain't it beautiful?" she murmured. "I never thought we'd find one like this."

"Rosie, I'm goin' to do it!"

"Don't you dare kiss me, Tough McGregor! The woman's lookin' at us!"

"Well, when she goes away, then," he temporized. "I ain't goin' to be put off much longer." He got rid of the landlady on some pretext and swept about upon Rosie. His eyes were full of the Glory. "They ain't anybody lookin' now but the kid, an' he's playin' with the burer knobs—Rosie!"

"Tough," she gasped, caught in his big grip. Her soul leaped to meet the soul of her lover; the Presence was in them both. For the short, sweet space of that kiss all hardships and poverties of mind and body were forgotten, atoned for. There was no hardship—there was no poverty.

"Rosie, I can't wait, we got to be married to-day." He towered above her—her man, dominant and to be obeyed. She longed to obey him; it was what she had waited to do the eighteen years of her life. It was primordial—the thing for which she had been created.

"Oh, now, Tough—" It was her acceptance of the splendid inevitable. He looked down at her in a whirl of tenderness that dizzied him. His name might have been Tender McGregor then.

"I'll be good to yer, little girl!" he cried brokenly. It was like sobbing. "I'll sure take care o' yer—I'm givin' it to yer straight, Rosie, so help me what's holy!" Reverence came clumsily to this rough tongue, accustomed to make other use of "holy" words, but reverence there was and recognition of need for help. It was as though Tough were blindly invoking the divine Patron of Love.

"I ain't scared, Tough," little Rosie said simply. It was all said in that; she yielded, unafraid. The whole tawdry little "house" was full now of the Glory. On the floor Glenn played in the warm wrapping of it—the walls and all the cheap little furnishings were a-shine with it.

"Kiss me," Rosie whispered, "I'll be good to you, Tough."

It was late afternoon when they went back to Mary Ross in her steamy kitchen, a transfigured Mary in white apron and smooth, thin hair. She had hurried through her washings and set the place to rights. The children, their hunger appeased, were safely out of the way until night; she could work undisturbed. She was curiously rested and contented. The table was laid with a real cloth and all her best bits of dishes. She had a fire going briskly and something savory bubbling on it.

"Now let 'em come," she said. She felt excited and restless. "Sillies," she thought, but her heart was softened toward her girl and the lover of her girl. In her heart she did not blame them for their "silliness."

Mary Ross, back across a gap of toil-some and heart-wrenching years, had been a "silly" too.

She saw herself now as she had been then, and the vision was sweet and fair like Rosie.

"Let 'em come," the mother thought with the tenderness of that other young and silly Mary.

It was Tough who told her. "Mother, old girl—" his big voice fumbled, "we're married. It's me to blame, not Rosie. I couldn't wait, not there with the bit of a house ready. So I took her to the minister—the little kid was one o' the witnesses. Ain't you goin' to say anythin', mother?"

"I ain't had a chance," the mother shrilled; she found safety in shrillness. Her lips were working piteously.

"Mother," stammered Rosie, but the woman put her gently away. It was the great new son she turned to.

"Tough, you stole her!" but her eyes forgave him. "You don't deserve a bite o' vittles—come along and eat! Supper's all ready. I ain't goin' to have the stew wasted if you be married!"

At the end of the meal Tough got up, making a fine pretense of ease and unexcitement, but his eyes were curiously alight.

"Come on, mother," he said. "Rosie, you get her bonnet—I'll hustle the kid's things back on. The trolleys to the lake start on the hour—We're all goin' on our weddin' trip!"

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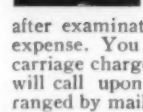
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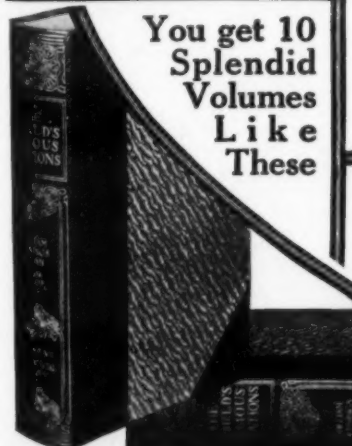
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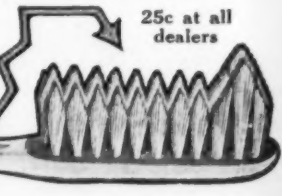
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## The Last Dance

(Continued from page 11)

did not know existed. They drank wines of which they had only heard before. They drank too much—all but Knuckles. He had eaten little and drunk less. He was learning that man never gets anything that he does not pay for. Now that the meal was over he sat apart, watching the poster girl. He saw her signal to the other women, and saw the three go into the cabin behind the screen of bushes. He guessed that she was going there to dress for the dance. He looked around at the circle of wine-flushed faces. He noted the viperish expression on the faces of the civilians. He arose quietly and, unnoticed by the others, made his way to the rear of the shack. He plunged through the fringe of bushes and up to the rear door. There he stopped suddenly. From within there came the heavy fragrance of some such flower as he had never seen, and he heard the faint rustle of silk that was like the silence of the surf. Then there came the patter of bare feet across the uncarpeted floor, and Knuckles found himself staring up into the unnaturally beautiful face with nothing at all to say. He bowed his head and raised it again, following with his unaccustomed eyes the willowy litherness of her form until again he saw her face. He pitied her. It was as though a baby had been rouged and penciled and painted by the hands of a beauty doctor, or as though a dauber had tried to deepen the color of a rose. And though he did not know it, he pitied her. He reached forward clumsily and touched her hand. She laughed at him.

"Why do you do that?" she asked. "I don't know," he answered slowly. "Didn't you ever want to reach out and touch a little bird?"

FOR an instant a gleam of tenderness shone through the mask, then she laughed again, the laugh that Knuckles did not like. "You are Zaidee—ain't you?" he asked.

She started back in surprise, then thinking that some of the men had perhaps mentioned her name, she nodded.

Knuckles pointed toward the fringe of bushes, behind which could be heard the impatient yelps of the men.

"I came to ask you not to dance," he said, looking up into her eyes. "Don't go out there—in that dress. Them men are drunk. I've seen women dance on Barbary Coast and in the jungles of Luzon, and—and—well, I don't want to see you do it. Savvy?"

A wonderful ray of what seemed to be hope brightened her face for an instant, then, as it died away, she bent forward impulsively and kissed the marine on the lips.

"You are just a big little boy," she laughed. "You have never seen me dance. You will like it when you have seen me once—all men do," she added in a lower tone. "I have never yet found the man who did not like to see me spin before him." And though she laughed, there was no happiness in the sound. Before the bewildered marine could speak again she ran away along the fringe of bushes. At the end she turned and looked back doubtfully, but the man who did not want to see her dance could only stand and stare.

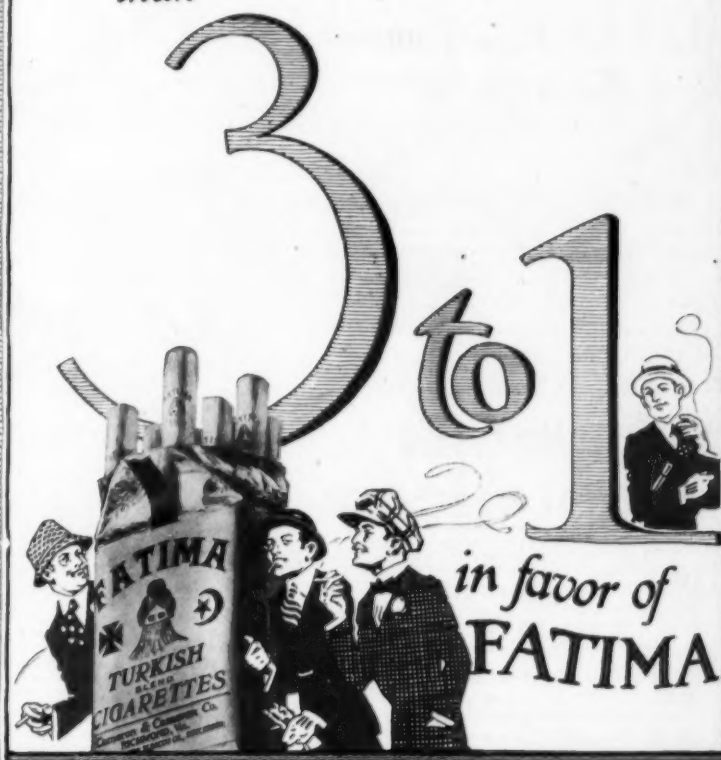
When he heard the maudlin applause that marked her appearance on the lawn, Knuckles circled around the shack hurriedly and came up behind the group of men. Looking over their swaying shoulders he saw the dancer already gliding like a butterfly above the grass. He had seen many dances like it. One it especially reminded him of was an incantatory dance of the wildest tribe among the valleys of Mindoro. But this dance lacked the purpose of the savages. The girl circled faster and faster, her legs flashing in the fading sunlight like pieces of polished ivory. Knuckles lost track of her countless whirls and glidings. The light flashing on the silvery tinsel of her draperies blurred his already dim eyes, and he saw only a whirling splotch of gold floating above the grass. Stooping once, she snatched a glass of wine from one of the leering men near her, and, sipping this, her dance became a whirling madness. Throwing the glass far from her, she laughed and sang, and all the light of the sunset seemed to center in her flying draperies.

But somehow the dance saddened Knuckles—Knuckles who had howled with delight at a moonlight dance in Caminera a week before and had

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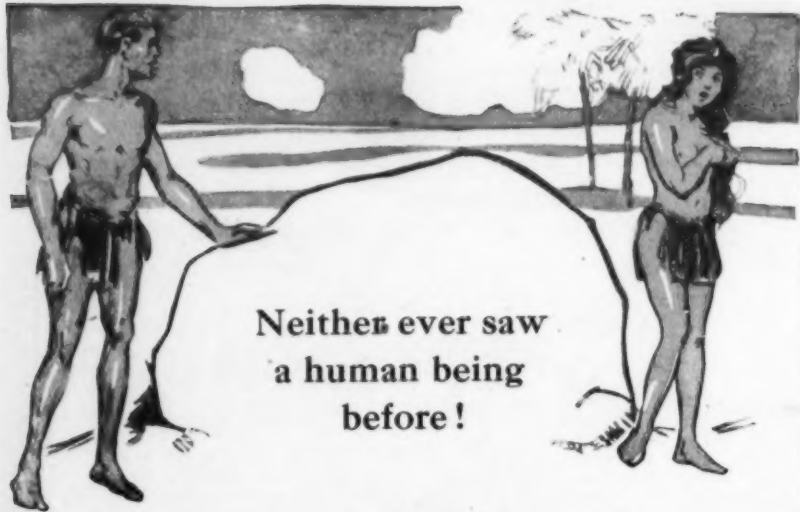
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bought a round of Bokadi for the girls. The fact that now the dancer was looking past all the others at him did not increase his appreciation.

He turned away from the group slowly and sought the trail over the hill to the beach. He did not see the stare of incredulous wonder with which the dancer noted his departure. He did not know that she hesitated and lost her step in the mad dance. When he had gone a little ways along the trail, and the soft singing of the surf had lulled him to a half forgetfulness, he heard the crazy burst of applause that marked the end of the dance. He looked back and saw the dancer slip away behind the fringe of bushes.

Flitting in and out among the palms, she came out upon the trail along the beach. Her feet were bleeding from the cuts of the cactus spines and the stones and sharp grass, but she did not seem to know it. Her eyes were ever trying to see beyond the next bend in the trail. She saw the tall form of Private Knuckles silhouetted against the sky on the crest of the hill, and she tried to call.

"Man!" She did not know his name. "Oh, man!" Her lips formed the words, but her voice was only a whisper, and Knuckles disappeared over the hill. She followed him, stumbling, gasping, and whimpering babyishly. When the trail came down close to the surf she lost him, but wandered on. Back up the hill she heard the drunken gang shouting her name and cursing her.

She crouched low behind a bush, and then, for the first time in many years, she wept. She bowed her head in her bare arms and cried like a little girl.

She had believed that there was not a man on earth who would not like to see her dance.

Unknowingly, she had watched a thousand audiences for the sight of one man's face who disapproved. Perhaps because the glare of the spotlight had blinded her, she had never found him. She had never realized that she had been looking for him until to-night, and so she wept.

GRADUALLY she became aware of a deep voice mumbling among the shadows of the bosque. It was not like the cigarette-strangled lips that she had known. It was deep and hard and steady. She arose and tiptoed toward the sound. It was not far away. Soon she saw a man kneeling near a bush upon which was a thing that seemed to have caught all the colors of sunset and was returning them. The heart of the girl thumped hard as she recognized the shaggy head of Knuckles. He was talking to something. She leaned forward and gazed down over his shoulder at the old and faded poster portrait of herself—one of the many she had thrown from the ship the day before.

A long minute passed while she crouched there like a startled Narcissus above the pool. She tried to imagine why this big man was kneeling and what his strange prayer meant. What he said was like a foreign tongue to her.

"And now I guess I'm all bawled up, God," he was saying. "What you tryin' to pull off anyway I'd like to know. Here I fish this thing out of the sea, and lookin' at it makes me do stunts like this, and puts this funny hankerin' in me, and then when you send her along she's only a dancer. I've seen them things before. Now here I am a-doin' this stunt that the guys would give the laugh for, and I'm askin' you to come across. What I suppose I ought to do would be to go back there and drive 'em all out o' camp and start rip-snotin' again, but somehow that all seems kind o' foolish now. As I said before, I'm all up in the air, and I want you—"

He was silenced suddenly by a yell from back among the bushes. He looked up. The girl heard, too, and slipped back toward the beach noiselessly. She walked as one who is asleep, her eyes staring before her unseeing. The sun, just sinking beneath the waves, seemed to linger a moment to

flash on her silver spangles and to match its afterglow with the glory of her hair. It was this splotch of gold among the dark green of the bosque that had guided the searchers to her. She heard them plunging through the bushes toward her, and, turning blindly, she ran into the breakers of the surf. An incoming comber tossed her high and let her down again easily, and, thrilled by the cool clear water, she ran on leaping high, with her arms outstretched before her as though she was reaching for the golden pathway that ever receded before her—even as all the better things had always done.

The three men of the yacht staggered down to the beach, huddled themselves into a jibbering group, and blinked at the place where they had last seen the dancer. It was easy to make themselves believe that she was beyond all aid, and so they stood and kept in touch with one another because they were afraid. Suddenly they heard something whir past them. They saw the big hulk of Knuckles plunge into the surf. They followed him with their dull, incredulous eyes until he gained the deep water, and they could see only his arms circling above the surface. He swam like a porpoise, with his head below the water. They saw him rise on the crest of a wave and go down with it, but when the next wave came he was not to be seen at all.

AFTER what seemed hours to them they saw him again. He came up on the top of a giant swell, and across his shoulders was a glistening thing that was very still. Slowly he made his way into the shallow water. There he stood swaying for an instant, and his knees crumpled under him, but he staggered on and fell only when he had reached the white sand of the beach.

For a time Private Knuckles could only kneel above her and gaze down into her face. She looked as though she had been in disguise and the sea had washed it away. About her mouth was a red stain that faded from her lips, leaving them a deep, dark red. On her forehead were black splotches fading from her eyebrows and lashes, leaving them soft and dark. Her face had lost the solid, sickly pallor, and, though it was still white, it was the whiteness of tenderness. Her flimsy garments were clinging to her form like a mist in a lowland. She was very small and frail. Knuckles looked up at the three men above him, and there was the light of danger in his eyes.

"Don't stand there like that, you fools," he said. "Go back and bring some blankets and some of that precious wine. Run!"

They went as if they were glad to get away from him. They did not return. Sergeant Haggerty and little Baim came running along the beach with blankets and wine and hot coffee. Private Knuckles carried the little wrapped figure back to where the faded poster was stretched on the tamarisk, and there she slept through the night in peace, and with the still wondering marine standing watch over her.

Late in the night he caught a message from the yacht's blinker to the signal tower on the marine's shack. He made it out easily:

"We get under weigh at sunrise. Ask Zaidie if she is coming aboard."

He had read it aloud, and when it was finished he repeated it aloud, trying to realize what it meant to him.

The bundle of blankets beside him stirred slightly and a little hand came out and touched his own.

"Man, don't send me back," said the soft voice. "Oh, man, please don't send me back to them."

Knuckles didn't answer, just took up the bundle in his arms and held it close, and wondered at the thrilling in his heart. When the star of the morning came up out of the sea and was high enough to seem like a lighthouse on the horizon, Private Knuckles looked up at it thoughtfully and nodded.

"Thanks, God," said he, "you've come across. I'll do the same for you."

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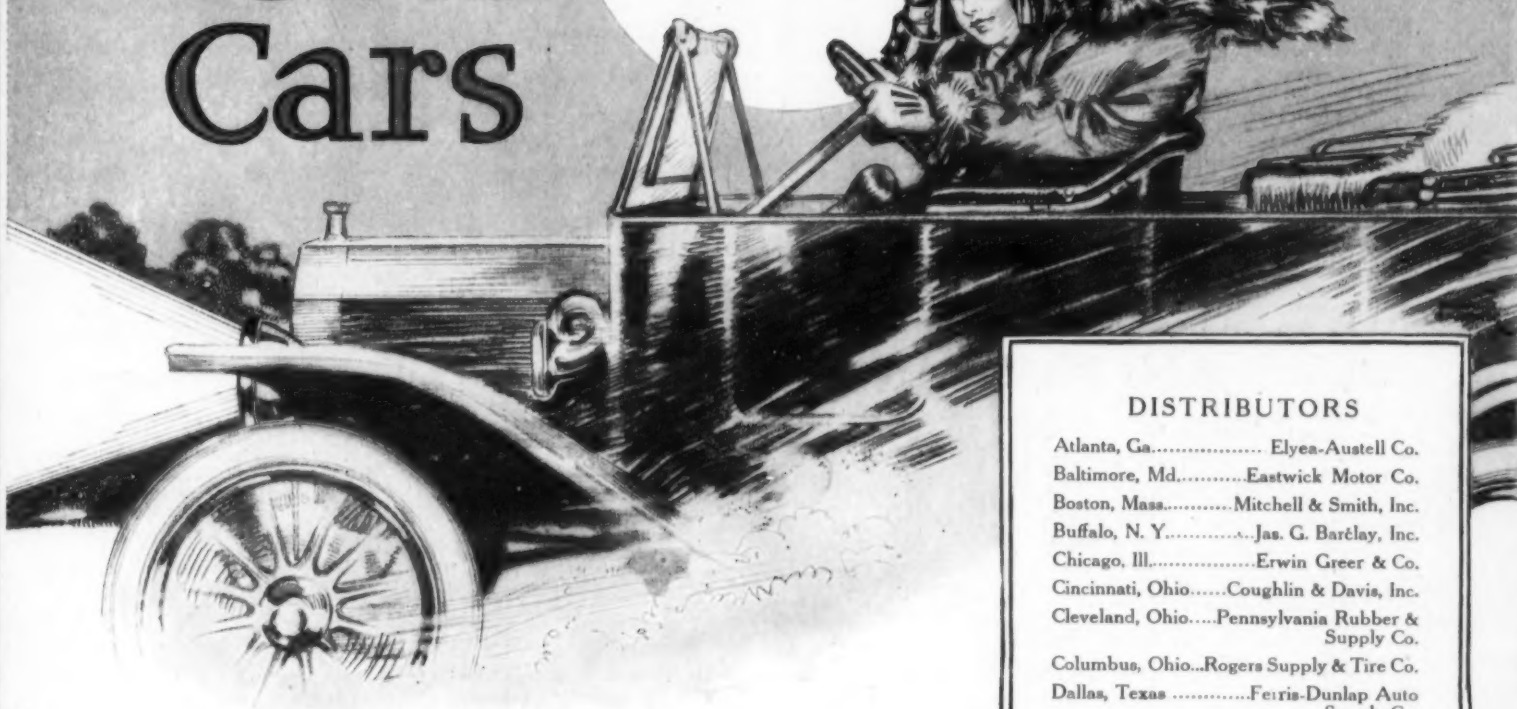


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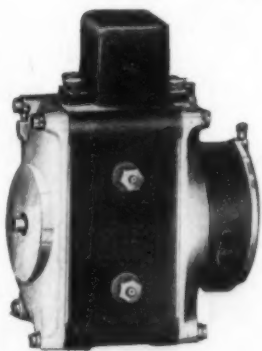
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